

NOVEMBER, 1921

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Some Pilgrim Shrines in Spain - Thomas Walsh

Montefalco's Ghostly Visitant - A Roman Ecclesiastic

The Disarmament Conference and Its
Obstacles - - - - - John McGuinness

Will's Heiress - - - - - John Ayscough

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The Great Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 4

A Sunset on Olivet

J. CORSON MILLER

To-night the sun spills blood upon the trees,—
On oak and cedar and on the olives, too;
On shrubs that shrank for pain, as He did pass,
On willow-leaves that weep to-night anew.

Here, haply, His faint Feet pressed throbbing earth,
And here, beside this rock, He knelt Him down,
Whose Eyes saw death before Him from His birth,
Here, haply, grew the flower that kissed His gown.

A timid wind of dusk steals through the trees.—
O winds of all the world, ye know His Name!
O Breeze of Olivet, what memories
You wear, of agony and death and shame!

Here blows a crimson berry,—lo, His Eyes,
Perhaps, grew tender here,—He loved all things;
So berries blush, and yet from Paradise
Went forth His Father's help on angels' wings.

Here fell His tears—that precious flood—for Man.
To-night the birds are hushed, as if they keep
The rite of silence of an ancient clan,
Along these sacred avenues of sleep.

In all the gardens of the world no flower
Has blossomed, nor shall bloom, as on the night
The Son of God came to His passion-hour,
With burning love for men in meekest might. . . .

Now fades the West in deepening screens of rose.
Oak, cedar and olive-trees sink off to rest;
The flowers fold,—the day winds to its close,
Here where He prayed and bared His bleeding breast.

Some Pilgrim Shrines in Spain

THOMAS WALSH

GHE shrines of Spain!—their story embraces the entire history of the Spanish people from Isadore and Pelayo down to the wonders of Limpias of today. In fact the whole race may be said to be the expression of the crusader influence, that expelled the Moors in the name of Santiago the Apostle-Saint of Compostela, that purified monastic life in the cloisters of Teresa of Avila and John of the Cross, that made the guide-books of Spain one long litany of saints, that made the daughters of the race the servants at the shrines of their patrons the Virgins of Esperanza, Consuelo, Mercedes, Angustias, Regla, Dolores, Nieves, Luz, Asumpta, Natividad, Piedal, and Rosario,—qualifying in every way to make Southern Spain the "Land of Santa Maria" and the kingdom of the Philips the Catholic Majesty of the world.

To begin with Santiago, the earliest of the shrines in its lofty mountains at Compostela where they found his grave in the ninth century and whence he issued forth in no less than thirty-eight battles to conquer the Moors, and become the palladium and patron-saint of the Spanish race. Miss King in her "Way of Saint James" (Three volumes The Hispanic Society 1921) tells the whole story fully and leads the pilgrim along the ancient roads once guarded by the Knights of Santiago and trodden by Saints like Simeon and Theobald, Dominic and Francis of Assisi, Brigitta of Sweden and Elizabeth of Portugal, and monarchs and heroes like Ferdinand I., Alfonse VI., Richard Lion-heart, and My Cid Ruy Diaz. It is a far shrine and difficult of approach; but between the years 1397 and 1457 nearly eight thousands pilgrims came from England and Ireland, and in 1589 Elizabeth's free-booter, Francis Drake, came over swearing to burn the relics, which were hidden away so carefully that they were not rediscovered until 1879. There is here a whole literature and a magnificent epopee for the student, as well as a golden opportunity for the artist and architect.

The pilgrimage to Saragossa is another event that will charm the pious traveller, after he has overcome the difficulty of pronouncing the name of the city in the Spanish manner,—Zaragoza,—and has managed to get through the crowds that assem-

ble here for the feast of Our Lady of the Pillar on October 12th. Saragossa is familiar to most of us as the scene of terrible warfare in the past, ferociously resisting Moors and French invaders "to the knife" and "to the last ditch" as their own expression first put it. Women bore a noble part in all their patriotic risings, so it was no surprise to meet in Rome during the Pontificate of Leo XIII the large body of noblewomen from Saragossa bringing the diamond crowns for the Pope's blessing. Santiago or Saint James, on his mission through Spain is said to have had a vision of the Blessed Mother and child standing on an "immovable pillar" of marble. Today in the ancient shrine of almost unbelievable splendors we find the little wooden image representing this vision, crowned with the diamond crowns, and half hidden by the silver lamps and grates of the altar. Below is a small aperture where the pilgrims may place their lips against this very holy stone. It is one of the greatest shrines in all the world; and the proud modern city that flourishes around it is haughty in calling itself the "City del Pilar."

IT is the little personal happenings that, after all, seem to signify the most to our memories, and the accidents that occur to us take on particular light or shadow with the flight of time. I remember once a few years ago, in sauntering through the narrow streets of Valencia at twilight, that magic hour of poets and lovers, I noticed a large number of fine equipages drawn up before a chapel and hundreds of ladies and gentlemen entering and issuing through the doors. A soft illumination tempted me to enter in spite of the rather private character of the gathering and I was surprised to find myself standing in a circulating crowd of black robed figures apparently engaged in soft conversation.

It was obviously the great world of Valencia engaged at one of its social rites and the chapel—for so it proved—took on the character of some convent parlor on a graduation day. Thousands of candles hung high in the beautiful vaulting; some of the visitors endeavored with difficulty to kneel on the crowded pavement: looking up to a lofty arch, I discovered the handsome figure of Our Lady of

THE SIGN

Sorrows, whom they apparently regarded as their hostess for their quaint and lovely ceremony. She was robed in the stiff black velvets of the 17th century and after I had come away from the scene in a state of dreamy pleasure and confusion, I discovered that I had visited the shrine of Our Lady de les Desamparados, or "The Forsaken" which had been founded in 1410 by their own Pedro de Luna, the Anti-Pope Benedict XIII. It was all so gentle, so human and reverent, that the influence of it remains with me in every estimate I make of Spanish character and culture. The "Patroness of the Forsaken" has become the devotion of the best that there is in Valencia.

Another odd adventure was our arrival at the city of Burgos at three o'clock one winter morning; we had taken the principal train from Madrid the evening before and planned to retire for a few hours' sleep on arriving at the hotel. We quarrelled all along the journey, as tired travellers have always been known to do, and what was our chagrin to find that on reaching the hotel it was necessary for us to wait while they roused the chambermaid from bed, and sent for fresh linen. By the time it arrived we were ready to sally forth for the first masses in the Cathedral. One should always get up early to appreciate an ancient structure, to get the flavor of devotion, and self-sacrifice, coming almost like the breath of the stone vaults and funeral monuments. The glories of Burgos are for other pages and volumes; we in our

little sketch upon our experiences at Spanish shrines have only time to turn into the chapel where at present they preserve the strange old cross known as the "Most Holy Christ of Burgos." As early as it was, there were two little urchins with tousled heads wide awake to quarrel furiously over the right to escort us through the chapels, until a very grim old sacristan arrived, and, with a cuff to the right and a cuff to the left, gave Solomon's judgment equally to both, and himself carried us off as guide.

THE importance of the Most Holy Christ of Burgos can be gathered in the fact that from primitive times the cathedral was called the "Crucifijo," was a famous place of pilgrimage and miracles that at present seem to have declined. The crucifix seems to have suffered in the course of time, for it was once famous for its beauty and lifelikeness. The tradition is that it is formed of the real skeleton of a man and covered with dried human skin and at one time the head was movable. We may gather the extent of its fame as a wonder-

working image from the three ostrich-eggs—emblems of immortality—the gift, it is said, of some Negus of Abyssinia during the Middle Ages.

There are two recollections of our visits to Seville that return with unusual clearness, one concerned with "Our Lady of the Kings" and the other with the "Christ of Great Power."

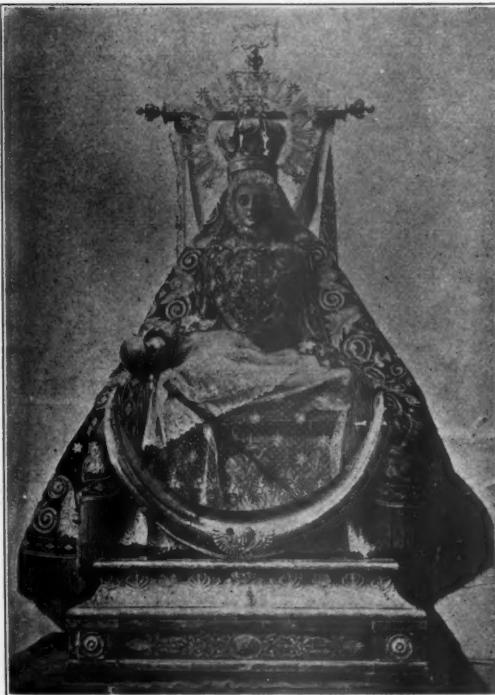
Over the altar of the Capilla Real, above the tombs of King Alfonso the Learned (D.1284) and



THE CHRIST OF GREAT POWER
In the Church of San Lorenzo at Seville

THE SIGN

Saint Ferdinand (D.1252) there stands one of the holiest images of Spain, the "Virgin de los Reyes," a figure designed in the thirteenth century and said to have been presented to the King Saint Ferdinand by the King Saint Louis of France. The figure is shown only on rare occasions, like that of November 23rd, when the troops renew their oaths of service as they march past with lowered colors. It is richly clothed and has removable golden hair and priceless lace. Its feet are adorned with slippers bearing the fleur de lis and the word "Amer." In the shops you have frequently noticed little shoes of silver: they are facsimiles of those worn by the Infant-Christ and are precious gifts for any baby in Seville. The evening after I had seen this image I was strolling through the quieter streets of the city and entering a little square I was suddenly confronted by an image four times lifesize, modelled after Our Lady of the Kings, enthroned in front of a renaissance church, whose splendor seemed quite out of keeping with the humble quarter. The square was entirely deserted: the only ornaments were two vases of artificial flowers. (Here I would note that in countries where flowers are so common as in Spain, the use of artificial flowers denotes special honor, as natural flowers have lost some of their preciousness through their abundance). I was alone in the twilight with this archaic, giant Madonna. Nobody came to watch the image; all Seville was at its supper. The silver and laces were of the highest values and only the stars over the square of San Salvador kept guard on the Royal Madonna and Child until the morning. It was a perfect night and in memory I can hear the low gurgle of the fountains and the occasional swishing of the palm-trees, and scent the heavy odors of the roses in the hidden *patios* in every house around.



OUR LADY OF SORROWS
Patroness of Granada

T was on another visit to the "Pearl of Andalusia," as they with great justice call their Seville, that at the close of the processions that had continued for three days and nights, in utter weariness of ceremonies and gorgeousness, I suggested to my Sevillian friends that it was time to retire, only to be met with a violent protest, that we had not done honor to the "Christ of Great Power."

We made our way to the restaurants crowded with people waiting like ourselves for the *Sodalities de la Madrugada*, or Day back. The night wears on frigidly and a full moon struggles with the clouds for a view of Seville at its doleful celebration. Good Friday is dawning; at two in the morning we must witness the coming forth from the *Colegiata* of San Lorenzo, of the most inspired work of the sculptor Montanes—Our Father Jesus of Great Power-bearing the Cross crusted with exquisite gold and robed in velvets and bullion beyond the dream of kings. A hundred, or so, people are drowsing in the little white plaza when at last the low doors of the church swing silently open and a procession of Nazareños or lay-brothers,

files forth into the gray chill of the morning. An enormous float of silver with urns, garlands and huge lanterns more beautiful than any that ever floated on a lagoon of Venice, dips from under the door-shaft and slowly approaches us. In the droop of the beautiful figure there is something strangely poignant; the face and head under the crown of thorns are the very ideal of divine grief and suffering,—a characteristic that endears the "Christ of Great Power" to the hearts of all Seville. As it comes forth a long murmur of "Ay," Alas! runs over the scattered groups and several voices, almost in rivalry, break out in singing from the street and neighboring balconies.

THE SIGN

And so it was that followed by the lovely velvet-robed image of "Mary Most Holy of Greater Grief and Anguish" the doleful Christ of Seville under His golden cross goes on His way at daybreak.

There is so much to be studied in a voyage through such a country as Spain that after a while the mind grows weary of details and yearns for the fresh impression of the sights one is witnessing. This is particularly the case in a city like Granada where history has left so many marks that are important. In fact the period of the Spanish renaissance may point to Granada as its birthplace, on the day when Boabdil wept his historic tears, and left Ferdinand and Isabella in undisputed possession of the whole Peninsula. It is curious that the great throngs of North American tourists who daily pour in and out of Granada never seem to realize that in their abbreviated devotion to the Moor and his Alhambra they are neglecting one of the most interesting cities of Europe, the creation of the earliest conquistadors and the finest example of Spanish art in its best period. Wearied of guides and guidebooks I had gone to explore the crowded residential parts of Granada, visiting churches without asking their names, seeing a thousand things never recorded by any tourist-agent.

I came in this manner into a little parish-church, richly decorated enough, but evidently still a place of prayer avoided by the tip-gathering tribe, not a museum, but a church of God. It was dark and very faintly lighted only from the clerestory, so all was mystery and charm around the high altars. There was one other occupant of the church besides myself, an old lady in black who ceased her devotions for a while to watch me with such evident curiosity that I began to think that she either suspected me to be a sneakthief or a person who could be watched with profit. I dodged behind

the columns only to find that she had shifted her little hand-stool to a position from which she might still observe me. From right to left I tried to outflank her but in vain. The rosary ran swiftly through her fingers, her lips muttered prayers, but her eyes followed the tourist who without his Baedecker guide had wandered into her parish church. Tiring at last of diplomatic manoeuvring I turned to genuflect before leaving the church, whereupon the old lady rose and with a confused gathering up of prayerbooks, rosaries and campstool, she intercepted me at the door, seized me by the elbow and forcibly detained me while with one hand she gesticulated wildly, pointing toward the roof above the high-altar. As I could not understand at that time a word that she was saying I made up my mind that there must be some answer to the problem and permitted her to lead me back to the sacristy where at the open door she hailed a young man, a member of the brotherhood, very much in undress in a threadbare soutane, and gave me a sign to follow him. There upon she disappeared forever.

The young brother without a word led me up a little winding stairway to a platform above the archway of the high altar and merely with a complacent gesture folded his arms before an exquisite tomb of bronze and marble. It was the holy of holy places of Granada; unmentioned as I later found, in the guidebooks, the tomb of Saint John of God, and that dear old lady, whom I had suspected of lunacy and all kinds of viciousness, after having recognized me as a "northern Christian" had resolved that I should not overlook the tomb of her favorite saint. I bless her still in memory for her kindness to her foreign brother and I pray that her years may be happy in the lovely shrine in the heart of old Granada under the relics of her great fantastic Saint (1495-1550) the founder of the



THE MOST HOLY CHRIST OF BURGOS

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Brothers of Charity, de los Hospitalarios, canonised in 1690.

IT was in the same city of Granada on another day I turned into a large church to avoid the begging and importunities of a crowd of young men, who for a few cents would agree to provide me with all the amusements of Granada from the shrines of the saints to the cave of the gypsies. To my surprise they followed me into the church still whispering their propositions when suddenly, in the midst of the worst, they one and all fell upon their knees, and gazing above the altar I saw a splendid *camarin*, or dais, holding a large image of Our Lady of Sorrows. She is seated beneath a lovely ornamented cross under a great aureole and a heavy silver crown; her face with the expression of an overwhelming grief is surrounded by a ruching of lace in the Polish manner; her breast is built up into the lines cultivated in the sixteenth century and crusted with superb diamonds. A cloak of black velvet falls over her shoulders; it is embroidered in pure gold in a style that suggests

the design of what we call the Napoleonic era—for the present arrangement of the image dates from 1742. Across the knees is an ancient wooden statue of Christ taken down from the cross, with

His shoulders covered with some laces which I later learned, were considered priceless. A strange decoration was the ceremonial walking stick of some famous personage, general or governor, left in tribute to the Patroness of Granada, Our Lady de las Angustias. When I saw the crowd of young gypsies and *chulos* caught thus by the presence of their Madonna I quietly made my escape and reached the Alameda unmolested. It was thus I made my first visit to the very holy shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows, the most revered spot in Granada.

One could go on for volumes in recording the shrines of Spain, the chapels to miracle-working crucifixes, the Madonnas of the warriors and kings, the holy banners of ancient battlefields; but enough is a feast, and leaving Monserrate and



OUR LADY DEL PILAR
Photograph authorized by the Most Reverend Chapter
of Saragossa

Guadalupe, and Avila and Manresa for another time, we wish our reader a pleasant journey when he starts out in person for the Shrines of Spain.

A Late-Autumn Reverie

COLMAN LADD

Keen is the quiet air
In the autumn gloaming;
Southward across the sky
Wild-birds are homing;
Leafless the gnarled boughs
Thwart the western glare,
Like arms of sinking men
Clutching the air.

Starts not a katydid
From a leafy bower:
Nor from a pond-tuft green
Croaks a frog the hour;
Earth has no loveliness:
Hushed is vale and lea;
Freer my soul may rise
To Thee, God, to Thee!

The Disarmament Conference and Its Obstacles

JOHN MCGUINNESS

CHE eyes of the world have turned from Versailles to Washington where the Disarmament Conference meets on Armistice Day. This is not a conference to disarm the world as some may take from the name, but a conference to consider the limitation of armament with a view to establishing universal peace.

Limitation of armament is not a new idea. It has been suggested before.

It is embodied in Article VIII of the League of Nations wherein the reduction of armament to the lowest possible point is clearly recognized as the one great essential factor in preserving universal peace. With America possessing the bulk of the world's gold, a greater amount of munitions than the other nations, and in a position to exceed England's navy in two years, it would be futile for the members of the League to attempt a plan of limitation of armament so long as America remained out.

The peoples of the world were told by their leaders, some of whom will sit in the Disarmament Conference, that the late war was waged to abolish secret diplomacy; to preserve democracy; to guarantee the rights of small nations; and to destroy militarism. It accomplished none of these ideals. A review of the budgets and proposed military and naval programs indicates that militarism has conquered instead of being conquered. The fact is that England, America and Japan are engaged in a concealed rivalry in naval and air craft construction.

For the year ending June 30, 1920, America spent about ninety-two cents out of every dollar of taxation for war purposes. The expenditure for

military and naval purposes from June 1920 to June 1921 amounted to \$825,337,939.

While the Borah resolution does not commit America beyond the calling of the conference, the object of the conference is to destroy the weapons of war through international agreement, to remove the causes and possibilities of war, principally economic, and to find a plan whereby international capital can be invested and raw materials obtained without resorting to the costly and destructive method of war. In this, America should assume the lead.

But the obstacles to be overcome are so complex and far reaching as to make achieved results almost impossible. Consider, for instance, the conflicting interests in the Pacific and Far East, where the nations must turn for trade.

THE Disarmament Conference—a meeting of representatives from the foremost governments of the world—summoned by President Harding, opens in Washington on Armistice Day.. The avowed purpose of the Conference is the reduction in naval and military expenditures, that so the crushing weight of taxation may be lifted from the already overburdened shoulders of impoverished peoples. With this aim all Americans are in full accord. Mr. McGuinness briefly sets down some of the problems to be faced and solved if the Conference is to attain its purpose.. A realization of these problems will help to an appreciation of the difficulties confronting our Chief Executive, will temper delusive over-confidence, and will preclude a reactive depression—THE EDITORS.

than before she entered. Will she willingly give up the Island of Yap? Will she forego her hold on Shantung? Will she evacuate Korea? It is just possible that Japan in justifying her policy will parallel it with that of the United States toward Mexico and the Central and the South American Republics. Such a stand on the part of Japan, strongly and persistently pressed, would constitute a serious obstacle in reaching an agreement on a limitation of armament.

Will Japan insist upon race equality, the right for her people to own land in California and to colon-

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ize in Mexico, South America and Australia? She is a very prolific nation and must have an outlet for her overflow population. Japan can be relied upon to press such vital domestic questions to advantage should the situation require it. Her delegates will stand firm and refuse to make a reduction in armament which she is fast acquiring unless granted equal concessions.

What of England, she too has great interests in the Pacific and Far East? For years before the war, her bankers, tradesmen and financial journals lamented the fact that Germany was making great strides in the Far East, capturing the trade that was once England's. They demanded that this condition be checked by war.

Now, Egypt and India, very rich countries, are being forcibly held by England for trade purposes. The size and cost of the army which she has to maintain there today to hold these people who are fighting to get from under her domination, has recently been the source of very strong protests on the part of the English working people. Will England agree to disband her army and risk losing these rich colonies?

Persia, a small weak country near India, is dominated and exploited by England. How can England insist on Japan withdrawing from Shantung unless she withdraws from Persia?

Another obstacle is Ireland. The peace of the world cannot be established until Ireland is given her freedom. England realizes this very well. Mr. Lloyd George feeling the embarrassing position he would be placed in at the conference talking peace and limitation of armament while he was waging war on Ireland, desired very much to reach a settlement with Ireland before the opening of the Disarmament Conference. Japan can not consistently be asked to cease her atrocities in Korea and withdraw her army from there while England does the same in her possessions on a much larger scale. A successful attempt to establish universal peace and limit armament can not be made if one part of the world is to hold the other part in subjection.

France seeing that England and Japan will not

materially reduce their military forces on account of the people they forcibly hold for exploitation, announces that she will not give up her army on the Rhine lest she might lose the valuable natural resources taken from Germany. Mr. Briand says he is resolved not to fall a victim to "mystic pacifism." France also has interests in the Pacific which she will desire to guard.

HMONG the contributory causes of war, trade can be placed first. The desire for gain, for commerical supremacy, is as rife among the nations today as before the war. From time immemorial the East has been looked upon as the treasure land of the world. The Washington Conference will be controlled by the trade interests. Trade will be given first consideration. Unless these conflicting interests can in some way be harmonized, it is useless to expect any valuable results in the reduction or limitation of armament.

Another serious obstacle which the conference will have to overcome is the power of the munition makers. Unless their influence is destroyed, no permanent results need be looked for. These "pocket-book patriots," continually keep alive through their press a propaganda which inflames the people and creates war scares. For years they have successfully carried on a war policy which increased the armament of the nations. Since the move to limit armament has taken root among the people, the munition makers have been busy circulating false reports regarding the military programs of the various countries and forming organizations to combat the move.

The Washington Conference is not, however, without its possibilities even though it be dominated by the same old diplomats whose intrigues have caused so many wars. The Italian delegates had no part in the war. They are young men and will probably bring a new view point into the conference. The "whip of necessity" may compel the old diplomats to adopt a new angle of vision. Economic compulsion rather than a desire to avoid war may force them to yield. The pressure from the people

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Will's Heiress

JOHN AYSCOUGH

Author of First Impressions in America; San Celestino; Faustula; Monksbridge; Abbotscourt; Jacqueline; Fernando; The Tideway; Saints and Places; etc.

HE priest had only just come in and there was something visibly temporary in his method of sitting before the fire: he had not yet removed his wet (and shabby) boots, and they had begun to smoke, though he hadn't. His old and worn cloak, wetter than his boots, he had absent-mindedly stretched across a wooden chair, with the outer side of it turned to the blaze, and that was also now steaming. His shapeless, old gloves lay on the seat of the same chair and were sodden with rain.

He was gazing into the flame of the logs, but was clearly not thinking of them, nor of the grateful warmth. There was no glitter of tears in his kind, rather tired eyes: but the old, gentle face expressed, not precisely melancholy, but a thoughtful regret.

At one end of the small room there was a door leading into his little log-built church. At the other end was another door, beyond which was his meagre bedroom.

Presently he arose and passed into the cold chapel. There was no light but that of the red lamps before the altar, which scarcely sufficed to show how bare the building was. It called, indeed, out of the darkness, about half of the "Stations" of the Way of the Cross: it showed, but dimly, Our Lady's statue, and St. Joseph's; more plainly, the simple altar—and very little besides.

From outside, one could hear the sound of steadily falling rain: within, there was no sound soever.

By the low rail of the altar (which the priest had made himself) he knelt and prayed—for an old friend, whose voice he would hear no more on earth.

Then, presently, he arose, went to a small cupboard in the wall, and put away in it an empty pyx, a little stole (purple on one side, and white on the other), a little book, and some Holy Oil "stocks". When he had locked up the little cupboard, he knelt again for a few moments, this time before Our Lady's statue; and then went back into his tiny house.

He did now take off his wet boots, and put on instead a pair of loose, very shabby slippers. Having

put the boots, with their soles to the blaze, against the low fender, to dry, they immediately fell down. As he set them up again, more carefully, his smile was characteristic. It meant "My own fault! I'm not going to try to put the blame on you." They were too old friends (the only friends of their kind he had) to find fault with or quarrel with. They had been his companions wherever he was out-of-doors, for several years; they had been soled and heeled and patched over and over again.

RESENTLY he took up his breviary and began to say office—the lauds of the next day. And all his praying was offered for the soul of the poor friend whom he had just seen start upon his last journey, relinquishing him into the care, kinder than his own, of the Fellow Traveller he had given him.

"Poor fellow!" he said aloud when he had finished his office, with the closed book dropped into his lap, but still held in his fingers. He leaned back and sat gazing into the red heart of the fire. Its heat made him think of another Heart, Divine and Human. And he pressed the book with his fingers, and that pressure was still a prayer.

"Poor Will," he thought, "he will have a home at last."

Outside there was the rain's soft monotone.

"Just such a night," thought the priest, "as that on which he came." It was ten years since that other night and he hardly knew whether it seemed double that or but the other day. The little episodes of that other night seemed clear enough for yesterday: but later episodes, happening separately at long intervals of time, crossed it and made it seem long, long ago.

He himself had not been here more than a year then. He was still building (with his own hands) the wooden chapel then: boys and girls of his sparsely scattered flock, as it was then, he had married since.

He had then, as now, been sitting in his old chair, here by the fire, his cloak (hardly three years

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old then) drying on the windsor chair, when Will's shambling knock had first been heard at his door.

When he called out "Come in!" Will had not come in, but had only knocked again. So he had gone to the door and opened it himself.

Outside in the rain, meagrely clad, there was Will's wet, shivering, unimpressive figure: Elderly, not recently shaven, certainly not recently fed, nor warmed.

In spite of the rain it had taken two invitations to get Will indoors.

"I'm dribbling rain," he had explained (very needlessly, and very meekly). And though he eyed the dry warmth of the log-cabin wistfully, he had not moved a step forward. He had reminded the priest of a wet dog, to whom "indoors" is out of bounds—not a popular dog either.

"Come!" the priest had said, "Come in!"

Inside it was easier to see what Will was like—not much to look at, though as a young buck he had esteemed himself handsome. He was far from young then; sixty or over. He had once been vain of his curly, abundant brown locks; he had left only a few, meagre, grizzled whisks of hair, long enough to be drawn across his bald crown. It had formerly been his favorite occupation to review his ample wardrobe, and count and try on his many suits. The clothes in which he crossed the priest's threshold were all he had in the world then. He had pawned or sold (*eaten*, anyway) everything else—clothes, jewelry, watch; and earlier, he had sold (and eaten) a bit of land, a little stock, some tools, and a few bits of furniture.

All this the priest had known as well, at first sight of him, as now ten years later, when he had heard all Will's dull, unhappy story time and again, bit by bit, from Will himself.

And he had known at once (what mattered more) that the man was starving. So Will stayed on.

He was not dried for an hour, and sent back, out into the forest and the rain; he was not fed with one full meal and sent back to his fellow-traveller, Starvation, waiting for him outside. He had stayed on. Not because the priest had touching, flattering illusions about him. To tell the truth, the priest had perceived much that was far from lovely or romantic in his visitor: there was that in the man's face that told him (quite correctly) that the stranger had been dissipated, selfish, boastful and—a liar.

But he was starving—he did not say so, nor even that he was hungry. Therefore he stayed on.

WILL had been a gentleman: the priest saw that: and he had hardly remained a gentleman; the priest saw that too. It was not mere poverty that had torn his patent of gentility, but himself, his lies and shifts, his bragging, his selfishness.

Not, thought the priest, that all the fault had been Will's: partly theirs who had sent him overseas to get rid of him. Very likely they had had over-sufficient cause to be glad to get rid of him. He had, probably, been started in life at home more than once, but had never worked, and had always come back to be started again. Perhaps he had been middle-aged when they shipped him over here, to the far west: too old to have any real chance; and perhaps (it was the fact, like more of these conclusions of his that the priest labelled "perhaps") they had sent him with scarcely any capital—knowing he would spend what they gave him. But they would frank him to the far west; in the far west of that west had lain their real motive; once there it would be too far for him to get home again. That their incubus of a relation was too old for such work as must be done over there they could have known, and did know; also that he had no fitness for the work, or knowledge of it; also that he had not sufficient bodily strength, let alone ardor and energy; also that a young man, strong, eager, willing, could hardly do any good out there with nothing in hand but the papers which made so many acres of forest his own, so that there was not a tree on them under which he had not a proprietor's right to die. He would not anyway die at home, in a British work-house.

All this the priest, ten years younger then, had known at once—guessed it with a superfluous "perhaps." So Will had stayed on. Will had a real surname, and a good one; and presently the priest knew it, but Will preferred the use of what he called a Nom de plume—not that he had ever written anything—and became known as Mr. Trees "My only property over here," as he explained to the priest alone.

HE helped his friend to build the church, proving oddly clever with his hands. He proposed it himself, but with an apology, "For," said he, "I'm not a Catholic."

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His people, he added, were Church of England—and Low Church. For himself, he claimed the motherhood of no religion. For a long time he worked on the building of the church. During the rest of the time he was helping to build "the hotel" two miles away, for no present wage in money, but on condition of being allowed a tiny room in it (which he built himself) when it should be finished. Meanwhile, he slept in a shed on part of the hotel-site, where hay was kept for the hotel-keeper's pony: and he dined every day with the priest.

When the church was finished, Will taught the hotel-keeper's two boys, and he had free meals at the hotel, and a suit of the hotel-keeper's clothes when that gentleman regarded them as worn out. Will proved to be also clever with his needle, and earned a little cobbling clothes; finally, some time after he had ceased to feed at the priest's table, he became a Catholic.

That was all Will's story since the night of his coming ten years ago. Very little "to it," you see.

I cannot assert that he ever became rigidly truthful—fibs were part of the marrow of his bones: but to the priest he told no lies, and to no one did he tell any that were cruel, spiteful, injurious of other people. Only he would brag—half-heartedly, as not expecting to be believed, nor caring whether he was believed. He would brag of having been a wonderful horse-man and a wonderful shot; of having spent huge sums, whereas he had only spent more than he ought and had always been a nervous rider and a slack sportsman. Of his family he never boasted—it was an ancient one, and he never at his worst had been given to brag truly.

He never became popular, but he was tolerated and not at all disliked. The children liked him—for he liked them better than he liked their fathers. And the children's mothers liked him from the time that he nursed little Marabel Wolf through the diphtheria, Mrs. Wolf being away in the Maritime provinces, whence she came, and Mr. Wolf being (in his rather frequent cups) impervious to any distinction between liniments and medicines. As he had always been considered a rank coward, this nursing of little Marabel surprised the settlement. If he had caught the diphtheria and died, his funeral would have been quite a testimonial: but he did not die until seven years afterwards, so the opportunity was not forthcoming.

Even previous to becoming a Catholic, he had constituted himself sacristan, and had made a set of

vestments out of Mrs. Wolf's wedding dress which she gave him for the purpose, as an act of thanksgiving for Marabel's recovery.

T was generally considered by the settlement that Mr. Trees was clever,—which accounted (if considered, epigrammatically) for his being a failure in life. By the women, his extreme personal cleanliness was held up as an example; and his closet of a room at the hotel was declared by Mrs. Sudd, the mistress of that establishment, to be a pattern to all men, so tidy was it, so clean and so "nacky."

All the same, Mr. Trees was not regarded with enthusiasm by his male acquaintances. Even the priest did not idealize him—he considered in him not so much what he had made of himself, at his best, as what the material had been out of which that best had come. The finished result was not splendid, any better than anyone had had a right to count on.

And now Will was dead, and the priest knew that he would miss him. He felt that the withdrawal from sight of that personality of slight consequence would leave in his own life a gap not likely to be filled, or to be at all ignored.

In his fashion Will had been educated, and in his degree and measure he had been refined—with perhaps only a superficial refinement. Without the least wit, or originality, his talk had never been interesting; but it had been possible in talking to him to take for granted the absence of a sort of ignorance certainly to be reckoned with in any conversation with the other settlers. And the man was himself a tribute to what had been done for him. He had not quite, but nearly, ripened, like an autumn apple to which sunshine had not come at all till too late. For quality and flavour, the sun had come very late to Mr. Trees, but it *had* come in the shine of decency, happiness and purpose.

"Our Lord thought him worth making," thought the priest, "if his family didn't think him worth keeping. He suffered as much for poor Will upon the Cross as for anyone of the Saints. And the devil (what an example the devil sets us that way!) took, I dare say, as much trouble to get hold of him as if he had been a person of consequence."

The priest's fingers pressed upon his book again—and meant a thanksgiving: that Our Lord had thought the saving of poor Will worth His while.

"*He saw in him things to like that we couldn't*

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see. I hope He sees things to like in me that I can't. That's one's great hope. One can't even talk His language in one's prayers—let's hope our broken talk sounds in His ears as appealing as broken French sounds in ours....."

—II—

" EVERYTHING," said the old priest to himself, "keeps reminding me of that night when poor Will first came—on his way home. I believe I have been half listening to hear him knock on the door again...."

And there came a knock, as meek as Will's had been.

"Come in!" he called out: but no one came in. So as on that former occasion, he went to the door and opened it himself.

The light sent out an upward shaft into the rain and darkness, and revealed a very large umbrella.

"Do come in!" the priest begged, and presently the umbrella (after convulsive wavings) collapsed and a very little elderly lady became visible.

"Miss Grove!", exclaimed the priest. "Do hurry in out of the rain. What brings you out, and so far from home, on such a night?"

Miss Grove appeared to be rather out of breath—a little 'winded' by her struggles with the umbrella. Even after she had come in, and after the door was shut, she continued to pant.

"I hope nothing's the matter. I trust no one is ill," said her host. "But even so, was there no one else they could send?"

"No one's ill," she replied, "nothing's the matter—except what you know, that poor Mr. Trees is dead."

All this time the priest had been helping the little, old lady to take off her very numerous (and very wet) wraps. Miss Grove was well known to him: she was a member of his congregation, and aunt of one of its bulwarks, Mr. Hoss of the hotel. Nevertheless, her present visit surprised him: she was a fragile, timid, very shy little creature, and he would hardly have thought her capable of coming out into the forest in the black night, alone and in such weather.

She was clearly in a state of considerable shy, but eager agitation, and her little twittering manner was more twittering than usual.

"Oh, Father!", she whimpered, making little ineffectual dabs at her own person in search of a

pocket and a pocket handkerchief, "Oh, Father! dear Mr. Trees—what a loss! There's nobody like him—at all like him—in St. John of the Woods! nor likely to be. It can't be expected."

She was sincerely distressed, and her being so, for the solitary, not greatly popular, poor failure of a man, pleased and touched the priest who had been his one real friend. Two very small tears trickled down Miss Grove's cheeks, which were like two small apples. Everything about her was proportionate—her whole body was little, her hands and feet were tiny, and her mouth was like a button-hole. The priest was a big old man, and his chair was a big old chair: Miss Grove looked like an elderly doll in it.

"So irreplaceable!", she cried, "so much manner! Why there's no manner left at St. John of the Woods!"

Inwardly the priest had to smile. His smiles often were inward and invisible. She was so manifestly sincere, and poor Will had gone on such a journey, where manner could matter so very little!"

"In that she continued shaking her little head, and tapping one of her little feet on the floor, "in that he leaves no heir or successor."

The idea of poor Will's heir, the idea of his "succession" could only cause another inward and invisible smile.

"As to his position," added Miss Grove, "I am his heiress. He begged it might be so. That's why I came to you. I was so anxious you should become accustomed to the idea at once, Father. I was so afraid of your forming any other idea or plan. So I came at once. Mr. Trees wished it so much—you will let me be his successor, Father!"

He had to confess a desire for enlightenment as to what it was he was to let her be.

"Why Sacristan, Father. Mr. Trees was Sacristan—irreplaceable, I know. But he did, really, wish me to be his successor in the post. He mentioned it so often. And I really was his under-study. He taught it me. He made me quite understand the little book—the Ordo, you know: you see, I know its name: I quite understand it, tho' it's all in Latin and queer contractions. V means green vestments, and A white; R red; and Dup means no black masses on any account. Poor Mr. Trees said I got on surprisingly with the Latin. I began last summer—he was quite struck when I made out (it was the 7th of July, I remember) that the feast was St. Cyril the Methodist: a

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convert, of course, like himself; and the similarity of our name was a link—after all what is a Grove but a grove of Trees? He liked to show me the Ordo, and also the Missal, and let me tell him in English the Saint of the next day. Even in that there's much to learn. On July the 26th he said, 'Well, to-morrow—what Saint is it?' 'Ah,' said I when I looked! See how the church has saints of every class and calling. The Martyr of the Pantaloons—a tailor of course! Then on September 1st, St. Duodecimo, a holy bookseller, you see: and on the very next day, a holy gardener, St. Hyacinth (another convert, evidently)—'Sancti Proti Hyacinthi; St. Hyacinth the Protestant: 'Proti' is one of those innumerable contractions, trying, till one gets used to them. But dear Mr. Trees! how patient and cheerful he was teaching me. And, Father, I have washed all the albs and things since he fell ill, and I should be proud to wash out the church every Monday and Saturday—*after* Sunday, and before, you understand: and arrange the flowers (I often *have*) and clean the vases—and everything. Poor Mr. Trees—he said, 'Go and ask Father Barry to let you be Sacristan in my place. Say I left it you, and he knows I've nothing else to leave. He won't refuse.'

He did not *want* to refuse. Poor Will! He too had had the great human longing for a successor, an heir; and his choice has been wiser than that of many who choose an heir.

To the little old maid this service near our Lord, in His modest house, would be a vocation, a great honour and privilege and delight: and her privileges in the world had been few enough. Why should Will's last will and testament be set aside and disregarded?

"Indeed, Miss Grove," said the priest, "I am only too glad that Mr. Trees thought of it, and only too happy that, now he can ask nothing for himself, he has left me the power of fulfilling a desire of his."

"He never did ask anything for himself," said his loyal little friend. "Since he came here, how little he had—and all earned: and how contented he was with it! I have heard strong men, and young men, make sneering hints about him who would not have been content if what fed *him* for a whole week had been offered *them* for one meal. Father, I can never replace him: but I'll do my best in his place if you will be so good as to do as you say and let me be his successor."

He promised it should be so, and presently himself saw her home.

"My first work," she said, at parting, "will be getting the church ready for his requiem. His coffin is ready. He made it himself, long ago, when he was helping you, Father, to build the church. It is under his bed. 'I used,' he told me, 'to plan how I would live in my own house—and all my plans came to nothing. But when I am dead I shall be in a house of my own building after all.'"

The Disarmament Conference and Its Obstacles---Continued

at home who abhor war and seek relief from taxation, the increasing army of un-employed, the thought of the 10,000,000 of soldiers and the 30,000,000 civilians who would be living today had it not been for secret diplomacy, may force these grim old diplomats to open the session of the conference to the public. If forced to work in the open they will be compelled to honestly and seriously consider a plan of harmonizing the conflicting interests of the world, whereby an amicable settlement can be reached on these questions without

resorting to the barbarous method of war.

The American people can greatly aid the conference in reaching its objective by insisting that their government stand for open sessions and bring these diplomats, whose secret sessions have caused so many wars, under the great controlling influence of public opinion.

Let us pray, then, that the nations of the world will beat their swords into plowshares, that permanent peace may reign, and that humanity will be spared another scourging.

Montefalco's Ghostly Visitant

A ROMAN ECCLESIASTIC

MONTEFALCO is a quaint little town situated like most towns in Italy on the summit of a mountain and commanding such a glorious panorama of the surrounding country that it has been called the "Balcony of Umbria." From this balcony you look down on the Umbrian valley and there meets your gaze an enchanting view of vineyards and oliveyards, fields of grain and vegetables gardens dotted here and there with hoary hamlets or single residences of the Umbrian peasants. In the distance, and perched again on hill-tops or mountain sides are the cities of Assisi and Spoleto, Frevi and Foligno. The beauty of the scene is indescribable—the color scheme one that would wrap an artist into ecstasy. Montefalco is even amongst Italian cities, exceptionally rich in art treasures and it has been the birthplace of many illustrious personages the foremost of whom is St. Clare of the Cross in whose heart the Divine Artist sculptured out of nerve and fleshy fibre the instruments of the Passion—the Crucifix itself, the Lance, the Nails, the Scourge, the Crown of Thorns, the Pillar—a most unusual miracle and a permanent one which may be witnessed by any visitor to the monastery Church of St. Augustine and which was recently witnessed by the present writer. However, it is not with the matchless beauty of the scene which Montefalco commands that we are now concerned, nor yet with the miraculous heart of St. Clare which has stood the scrutiny of the keenest and most sceptical observers, but rather with some strange occurrences that happened only a few steps away from the Monastery of St. Augustine and the Convent of St. Leonard from September 2nd, 1918, to November 9th, 1919. These two Convents are separated by a garden and a few times a year both Communities meet for mutual entertainment and edification.

From a small, narrow and almost perpendicular street you step into the little Church—"Chiesina" as the Italians would say, of St. Leonard, and there at your right is a sacristy about 8 x 4 feet in dimension. This sacristy connects with the cloister by means of what is called a "ruota" or "turn" that is, a revolving drum-like dumb-waiter by means of which messages or articles may be passed into or out of the cloister.

Here precisely occurred the events narrated in the Diary of the Rev. Mother Abbess which we now submit to our readers and we submit it with the understanding that the reader may pass whatever judgement he pleases on the genuineness of the facts related therein. This only shall we say at present that the story seems to be recommended by a simplicity, brevity, directness and wierd monotony of cadence that might naturally be expected in such subject matter.

DIARY OF THE REV. MOTHER ABBESS

1918

1st Time. Monday September 2nd. The Sacristy bell rang and Sister Maria Teresa of Jesus, the Abbess having gone to answer it a voice said to her: "I must leave this alms here." The "ruota" containing a 10 Lire bill was turned, and to the question of the Abbess whether she should have a triduum offered or some prayers or a mass, the voice answered: "There is no obligation whatsoever."

"If I may be permitted to ask: Who are you?"

The voice answered: "It is not necessary to know who I am."

The voice was gentle but withal sad, with a quick far-off muffled sound.

2nd Time. Saturday October 5th. 3rd Time. Thursday, October 31st. 4th Time. Friday, November 29th. 5th Time. Monday, December 9th. Each time the message was the same and a 10 Lire bill was left. The Abbess again asked if she should have prayers offered and the answer was: "Prayer is always good."

1919

6th Time. Wednesday, January 1st. 7th Time. Wednesday, January 29th, almost always the same.

8th Time. Friday, March 14th. During the time of examen about 8 o'clock in the evening the bell sounded twice and having gone to answer, the Abbess found 10 Lire on the "ruota" but to her enquiries no answer was given. The front door of the Church was closed and the key held by the

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nuns. The servant was called and told to search the Church carefully. This was done but no one was found. At this juncture, writes the Abbess, we began to suspect that whoever left the alms was no person of this earth.

9th Time. Friday, April 11th. 10 Lire were brought and the voice said: "Please pray for a deceased person." This was the first time prayers were asked.

10th Time. Friday, May 2nd. A little before the "great silence," about 9.30 P. M., I heard the sound of the bell and four of us went to answer,—Sister Mary Francis of the Five Wounds, Sister Amante Maria of St. Anthony, Sister Angelica Ruggieri and myself. We found two 10 Lire bills placed in the form of a cross but knew not who left them there. The front door of the Church was closed.

11th Time. Saturday, May 25th. Again 10 Lire were brought.

12th Time. Morning of Wednesday, June 4th. 10 Lire found on the "ruota" without knowing who placed them there.

13th Time. Saturday, June 21st. Exactly the same occurrence. It is to be noted, however, that on the previous Thursday and Friday when the bell sounded, one time Sister Angelica went to answer, and the other Sister Angela, but no one was found in Sacristy or Church.

14th Time. Monday, July 7th. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, time of repose, the bell rang twice, but the Abbess thinking that some children were in the Church did not trouble to answer. After a while

a voice outside her cell said: "The Sacristy bell is ringing." She went immediately to answer and heard the usual voice: "I am leaving here 10 Lire for prayers."

She asked: "In the name of God who are you?" The reply came: "It is not permitted," and she heard no more. The Abbess afterwards asked the Community who had called her in time of Silence but none of the Sisters had done so.

15th Time. Friday, July 18th, after the evening silence was called at 9.30 o'clock, the Abbess went to close the door of the bake-shop, and on reascending the stairs heard the sound of the bell. She went to the "turn" and pronounced the salutation: "Jesus and Mary be praised!" A voice answered "Amen" and then added: "I am leaving this alms for the usual prayers." The Abbess then with more courage demanded: "In the name of God and of the most Holy Trinity who are you?" The same voice answered: "It is not permitted," and no more was heard. The Church door was locked.

16th Time. Sunday, July 27. The Abbess happened to go to

the "turn" before mass and found there a 10 Lire bill.

17th Time. Tuesday, August 12th, about 8 o'clock in the evening the bell rang and three nuns went to answer:—The Abbess, Sister Mary Nazarena, and Sister Clare Benedict. They found 10 Lire at the "turn" and conjured in God's name the mysterious person to declare who he was. No answer was given. The servant then called in the Rev. D.

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Alexander Climati, Prior of St. Bartholomew and confessor of the nuns, D'Agasiz Tabarrini, Parish Priest of Casale and Chaplain to the nuns, also Fr. Angelo, Guardian of the Cappuchins. These searched the Church but found no one.

18th Time. Tuesday, August 19th, at 6.30 in the evening the bell rang, the Abbess went to answer and said: "Jesus and Mary be praised!" The voice answered: "Amen" and said: "I am leaving this alms for prayers." The Abbess said: "We will pray for you just the same, but please give the alms to some person who is more in need of it." The soul answered in pleading tones: "No, please take it. It is a great mercy to me." Is it permitted to know who you are?" said the Abbess. "I am always the same person" was the reply—and no more was heard. As usual the 10 Lire were left.

19th Time. Thursday, August 28th. Practically the same message.

20th Time. Thursday, September 4th. Again the same message.

21st Time. About 9.15 P. M. The Abbess on closing the dormitory door heard the sound of the bell. With another nun she went to answer, found the alms, but heard no voice. The other nun then retired to see if the voice would speak to the Abbess alone, but not a word was heard. The Abbess went upstairs without taking the money, and hearing the bell sound again returned. The Soul offered the 10 Lire as usual but she refused it. Then the Soul said: "Please take it to satisfy divine justice." The Abbess then made the mysterious person repeat the ejaculation: "Blessed be the holy, most pure and immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary!" The Soul repeated the words exactly.

22nd Time. Sunday, September 21st. In the morning before mass the Abbess found 10 Lire at the "turn".

23rd Time. Friday, October 3rd, about 9 o'clock P. M. as the Abbess stood at the window of her cell she thought she heard the bell ring. She went to answer and refused 20 Lire offered as an alms saying their confessor had directed her to do so unless the Soul would declare who he was, because they feared diabolical deceit. The voice said: "No, I am a suffering soul. It is now 40 years that I have been in Purgatory for having wilfully wasted ecclesiastical goods."

24th Time. Monday, October 6th. The Abbess had a mass celebrated for that soul by the Rev. Alexander Climati, their confessor, and a short time after the mass was finished the bell rang and the same voice said: "I am leaving this alms. Many thanks!" The Abbess asked some more questions but no reply was given. The Sacristy was closed 10 Lire were left.

25th Time. Thursday, October 16th. About 9.45 P. M. after silence was called and all the nuns had retired, the Abbess heard someone calling outside her cell and saying that the Sacristy bell was ringing. In the morning the nuns were asked about this but just as in the case of July 7th, they knew nothing. That night the Abbess went to answer the call and gave the salutation: "Jesus and Mary be praised!" the Soul answered: "Amen" and added, "I am leaving this alms. Many thanks." (Here it must be noted that on the morning of the same day they had a mass celebrated for that Soul by the Jesuit Father Luigi Bianchi who was then giving a retreat to the Community). The Abbess replied: "By order of our Confessor I must know your name and surname otherwise I won't take the alms." The Soul instead of a direct answer simply said: "The Judgement of God is just and right." "But," said the Abbess, "how now is this? I have had a mass said for you and one mass alone is sufficient to free a soul from Purgatory. How is it that you are not yet free?" The answer was: "I received a very small share of it." The Abbess then said some other things but the Soul did not answer. This time 20 Lire were left.

26th Time. Monday, October 20th. The bell for Silence had just rung at 8.45 P. M., and as the Abbess with two Sisters—Sister Mary Rosalia, and Sister Clare Joseph were ascending the stairs they heard the Sacristy bell ring, all three went to answer and found 10 Lire at the "turn" but the voice did not speak, presumably because of the presence of the other two. They then went away and the Abbess returned a second time but heard nothing. Then having gone upstairs again and closed the door of the dormitory she heard the bell ring once more. She answered and to the usual salutation the voice said in a very clear tone: "Amen," and because the Abbess had not taken the money, added: "Take this alms. It is a great mercy." The Abbess took the alms and the voice said: "Thanks!" "But," said the

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Abbess, "Can I not know who you are?" The reply was: "Pray, pray, pray, pray."

27th Time. Thursday, October 30th, at 2.45, after midnight—The Abbess heard a voice outside her cell saying: "The Sacristy bell has rung." She went to answer and as usual the soul said: "Amen" to the salutation, then immediately added: "I am leaving here this"—but the Abbess without waiting for the sentence to be finished said: "By order of our Confessor I cannot take it. In the name of God and by order of the Confessor tell me who you are?

Are you a Priest?"

The answer was: YES."

"Did the funds you wasted belong to this Monastery?"

Answer: "No, but I have permission to bring them here."

"And where did you take them?"

Answer: "The Judgement of God is just."

"But I scarcely believe you are a soul from Purgatory. I think it may be some one who is playing a joke on us."

Do you want a sign?"

"No, I am afraid. *May I call someone?* I will call immediately—"

"No, it is not permitted."

The Abbess took the 10 Lire and the Soul said: "Thanks. Now it is my turn to pray."

The Abbess said: "Pray for me, for my Community, and for the Confessor."

The Soul said: "BENEDICTUS DEUS QUI" and it departed continuing the prayer in a low voice, and she understood no more. This last time the voice had less of nervous haste and less indistinctness. Again, at one time it seemed to be speaking

* It is surmised that the soul began to recite verse 20 of Psalm LXV. "Blessed be God who hast not turned away my prayer nor His mercy from me."

on her right and when departing it seemed at her left side.

28th Time. Sunday, November 9th. At about 4:15 A. M. the Abbess heard from the dormitory the sound of the Sacristy bell. She answered and gave the salutation: "Jesus and Mary be praised!" The usual voice answered: "May they be praised forever! I thank you and the religious Community. *I am now out of all pain.*"

"You must not forget the priests who have said masses for you, and our Confessor, and Fr. Luigi Bianchi, and Fr. D'Agazio."

"I THANK ALL."

Said the Abbess: "I would like to go to Purgatory where you were because there I would be safe."

"Do the will of the most High God."

"You will pray for me, for my Community, for my parents if they are in Purgatory, for our Confessor, for Fr. Luigi Bianchi, for the Pope, the Bishop, and Cardinal Ascalesi."

Answer: "YES"

"Bless me and all the persons whom I have mentioned."

"Benedictio Domini super vos!"

The morning before Fr. Luigi Bianchi, S. J., had said a mass for that Soul at a privileged altar in the church of the Gesu in Rome.

The voice of the dead priest in the beginning used to be sad but gradually became more joyful and at last spoke in accents of blissful ecstasy.

Even in the sound of the bell, though it was recognized as that of the Sacristy, there was always something at once sad and consoling. When the Sisters heard it they always said: "Mother Abbess, it is that poor soul. Please go to answer." And meanwhile a fervent "De Profundis" spontaneously arose from their lips.

We trust that the above article will prove not only interesting to our readers but will help to actualize for them the reality of Purgatory and spur them on to a more ardent devotion to the Poor Souls. The writer assures us that the facts are supported by an abundance of unimpeachable testimony. For personal reasons he requests us to withhold his name—THE EDITORS.

Current Fact and Comment

WHY GIVE TO

(T)ANY motives urge us to be generous in contributing to Peter's Pence. While all Catholics are assured that what is thus contributed is applied with a minimum of waste to many worthy and important objects, still would they be amazed were they fully informed how numerous and diversified those objects are. Consider the upkeep of the diplomatic service alone. It was consoling to observe the change of sentiment among the nations in favor of the Vatican after the war. The number of nations with diplomatic relations with the Holy

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See has doubled; and now twenty five nuncios and internuncios are established with the greater and lesser Powers, while a corresponding number of ambassadors and ministers are designated to the Vatican. It is a department that cannot be conducted gratuitously, to say the least; yet, when we consider the incalculable benefit to Religion directly and indirectly derived through this arrangement, we find a most gratifying motive for generous giving in the annual offering to the Holy Father.

LET JUSTICE BLUSH

OUR readers have already been acquainted through the columns of the daily press of the acquittal of the murderer of Father James E. Coyle former pastor of St. Paul's Church, Birmingham, Alabama. This ominous incident gives food for disquieting thought to all sane citizens of our Republic. It is the application in the concrete of the damnable tenets of the Klu Klux Klan. Sollicitor Joseph R. Tate in summing up for the State declared to the jury, "If you go into the jury room, kick out the evidence and render a verdict of not guilty, you will have all the narrow-minded, fuzzy-necked people come and pat you on the back, but the remainder of your lives you will have your conscience to prick and sting you." In face of this virile charge a verdict was returned "not guilty." *The Nation* commenting upon this disgraceful miscarriage of justice has this to say:

"Acquittal of the Rev. Edwin R. Stephenson,

a Methodist minister, of the murder of Father James E. Coyle, pastor of St. Paul's Catholic Church in Birmingham, will surprise no one who understands the play of forces behind that beastly crime. Writing in *The Nation* for August 31, Mr. Charles P. Sweeney made clear that anti-Catholic bigotry is a predominant state of mind in that section of the United States of which Birmingham is the metropolis. The murder of the priest in his own home is the logical product, in a community predisposed to lawlessness, of the reckless campaign of defamation in which the junior Senator from Georgia, Thomas E. Watson, is the central figure. He is not guiltless of the murder of Father Coyle, as he was not guiltless of the tragic lynching five years ago of Leo Frank. Both were victims in part of his incendiary vilification in that tinder-box of medieval superstitions and phobias designated on our maps as Georgia and Alabama."

SEEDS OF JOY—HARVEST OF TEARS

AFEW weeks ago, in one of our large Eastern cities, a school girl, 15 years of age, went out in search of romance. She found it, through the medium of the "movies" and an automobile ride. While standing at the curb after a "movie" show, she was accosted by four unknown young men in an auto, and invited for a ride. Here was the romance and she accepted. The rest of the story is written in scalding tears, a shattered body, and bitter regrets. Her experiences were such as will crowd her future with hideous memories. She was held captive in a lonely shack for a whole week, and made the pitiable plaything of a gang of degenerates. She was finally turned loose, to wander, dazed, in an adjoining woods, where, many

hours later, she was accidentally found, and rescued. She is now home under her mother's care, working her way back to a doubtful recovery.

This tragic story is neither new nor uncommon. Unfortunately, it is recurring with alarming frequency in the police records of all our large American cities. It may be too much to expect that girls of 15 should appreciate the many and various pitfalls modern life provides for girls of their age. But, certainly, mothers of girls of 15 cannot be blind to what is going on every day, cannot be blind to the many dangers peculiar to these modern times which threaten their growing girls. Mothers who deliberately blink these obvious facts assume a grave responsibility before heaven. Too frequent attend-

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ance at the "movies," with their unreal description of life, and fantastic notions of romance, is one of the most deadly dangers. "Automobilitis," or the hunger of the young for the "joy-ride"—too often a misnomer for a "sad-ride"—is another. To the list must be added the aimless promenading on our streets of under-dressed and over-dressed girls. The folly of many mothers who indulge their young daughters in all the extravagance of indecent fashions which brazenly parade the natural charm and attractiveness of budding womanhood, places young girls directly in the path of danger, and provokes the attention of the large number of vultures who infest our streets under the guise of nattily attired gallants in glittering motor cars.

One cannot help questioning seriously the character of the bringing up of a girl of 15 who accepts

an invitation to an automobile ride on a late Saturday evening from a party of young men, to whom she is a total stranger. It would seem that a girl who has been reared by a sensible mother, a girl in whom had been instilled a proper sense of self-respect, and the right ideal of maidenly modesty and reserve becoming to girls of tender age, would know better than lightly trust herself, unprotected, to the company of unknown men, or be on the streets alone late Saturday night, or any other night. One wonders how many Catholic girls are joining the numbers of those who meet with disaster via the automobile and "strange young man" route. The rearing and training of Catholic young girls, if it is what it should be, should effectively safeguard them against the many modern snares so abundantly set for the unwary.

FATHER FIDELIS KENT STONE, C. P.

WHILE Foch, Diaz and Beatty are being welcomed to America with every phase of a country's applause, no recognition is given to the passing of one whose remarkable gifts of mind and heart could readily have swayed individuals and peoples. On October 13, Father Fidelis of the Cross (known in the world as James Kent Stone) died in California at the advanced age of four score years and one.

Father Fidelis embodied in his charming personality all that is admirable in the true American ideal. He was the son of a distinguished Episcopalian clergyman. He himself became a clergyman in the same denomination. At a very early age he held successively the presidency of Hobart and Kenyon Colleges. In his thirtieth year he became a Catholic, and two years later was ordained to the holy priesthood as a member of the Paulist Community. Four years afterwards he joined the Passionist Order. As a Passionist he spent many years abroad, particularly in Argentina and Chile where he did much for the establishing and upbuilding

of his Order. During his long religious career he held many positions of responsibility both at home and in foreign parts.

As a young man he loved to climb the Alps, when with rapture he would gaze upon the snow-capped peaks glistening in the sun-light, forgetful of the verdant fields, the fragrant flowers and mellow shade of the luxuriant valleys. This was a portent of his after life. He unhesitatingly sacrificed fame, fortune and pleasure which were easily within his grasp. And having made the sacrifice, he manfully pursued the arduous ascent to the heights of virtue and union with God.

Men have been heard to complain that to seclude oneself as he did from the world's notice was a wanton burial of great talents. But in the judgment of Him Who said "He that shall humble himself shall be exalted" Father Fidelis was supremely wise. There is every reason to believe that he received a welcome in heaven such as no admiring throng could have vouchsafed him on earth.

WHAT ABOUT THE LIVING HEROES?

CONGRESS has appropriated the sum of \$50,000 for the ceremonial burial of an unknown hero. No true American will object to this or any other sum being spent to honor this individual hero and the thousands of others he represents who so loyally played an heroic part and generously made the supreme sacrifice in the world war.

But all the unknown heroes who went to battle

are not dead. We have a mighty number of ex-service men in the country who acquitted themselves of their military duty as manfully and valorously as any known or unknown dead hero. The least these living heroes can expect from the Government which they unflinchingly supported is the opportunity of now supporting themselves. These heroes should be provided with work that will enable them to earn a decent livelihood; and it is no more

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than just that the Government give or, if necessary, make jobs for these deserving men.

We know, of course, that there are many professional bums who represent themselves as ex-soldiers. But even allowing for these there is still a very large number of worthy ex-soldiers without employment who are only too anxious to get work. It is nearly time that Congress should stop frittering its time in party recriminations and pettyfogging

investigations and do something for the ex-soldiers who deserve so well of the country.

What has been said of these returned heroes applies with equal force to the other living heroes who did not go to war but who gave all that was in them that we might win the war. We cannot honor the dead too much. But it would be more fitting and healthful for the country if Armistice Day was made less a memorial day and more of an employment day.

POPE AND

RECENTLY general elections were held in the Republic of Nicaragua. That this republic has a sound and unbiased electorate we are assured from their choice for the presidency of Diego M. Chamorro, a fine type of Catholic manhood. On the morning of the elections Signor Chamorro with his family received Holy Communion from the hands of the Archbishop. His election being verified, he withdrew to the Cathedral where the *Te Deum* was solemnly chanted in thanksgiving to the Most High. Thereupon through the Secretary of State at the Vatican he offered his respects to the Vicar of Jesus Christ and notified him of his election to the presidency. Some points from his inaugural address will indicate how profound are his Christian convictions: "The Catholic Church, of which I am proud to be a faithful son, during my incumbency shall enjoy the full freedom guaranteed to her by the constitution, not only because it is so guaranteed, but especially because the Church is

PATRIOTISM

the most powerful support of order and public morals and because I esteem her as the true mother of civilization. Humbly realizing that 'unless the Lord guard the city, they watch in vain who guard it,' I yield myself over to the guidance of the Almighty, and committing to Him my destiny and that of the country, I also put all my trust in Him for the successful discharge of my duties." Apparently the good people of Nicaragua do not believe in the thread bare calumny against the Catholic Church, that loyalty to Christ's Vicar spells disloyalty to one's native land. Would that our American bigots in high places were as enlightened! Only by fidelity to conscience, by fulfilling duties to church and state will American Catholics live down this flimsy slander. "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's," this is Christ's principle, true and binding in the reign of Tiberias Caesar—true and binding in the incumbency of Warren Harding, President.

AMERICAN GOLD BUYS AUSTRIAN SOULS

PRESS dispatches frequently inform us of the efforts being made by the Protestant sects to alienate Catholics in Germany and Austria from their faith. These proselytizers are using some new tricks, such as holding "missions" in the public squares of the cities without mentioning the name of their religion, and even giving the impression that they are Catholics working in the interests of the Catholic Church. It is only when they see an evident chance of making a pervert that they reveal their identity. Their chief method of perversion, however, is the "free soup" system so common in Ireland in the days of the famine. They take advantage of the pitiful distress and harrowing poverty of the wretched people and hold out the bait of money, food and clothing. We may well wonder if the decent Protestant people in the United States are aware of the ignoble purposes to which the money they so generously contribute is put.

The chief offenders in this contemptible business of buying souls are the Methodists, Baptists and Seventh Day Adventists. The *New York Herald* justly remarked: "If the foreign sect works with plenty of dollars or pounds sterling it becomes all the more attractive to Austrian candidates."

We doubt whether the money being so lavishly spent in the nefarious traffic of Germanic souls will have more lasting results than similar expenditures upon the Irish immigrants to our shores. An incident is narrated in the new life of Cardinal Gibbons. When that distinguished churchman was Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina, he once paid a visit to Plymouth. Whilst there, the Bishop learned that an Irishman had apostatized and had become a Baptist. The Irishman was immersed, and after the ceremony, was asked by his new co-religionists to lead in prayer. He astonished them by reciting the "Hail, Holy Queen."

China Calls

THE many friends of the Passionist Fathers in America were made glad when they read recently in the Catholic press that the Passionists had volunteered their services to the Holy See for work in the Far East. They will have added reason to rejoice now that the offer has been accepted, and that a territory has been assigned in China to American Passionists and that a band of five priests will leave the Mother house, St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, on Sunday, December 11th, for their new field.

The Sacred Congregation of the Faith which has special charge of foreign mission activites has allotted to the Passionist Fathers a district in the Province of Hunan, Central China. This territory lies north of the district now being evangelized by the American Foreign Mission Society of Maryknoll, N. Y., and south of that under the care of the Maynooth Irish Mission Society. The entire Province of Hunan is at present a Vicariate-Apostolic under the direction of the Spanish Augustinians who have labored in the territory with unflagging zeal since 1879. The population of China is 440,000,000, four times greater than the population of the United States, comprised within an area only one fourth larger than our Country. The Province of Hunan to which the Passionists are going is about the size of the State of Kansas and like that State is centrally located. Hunan has a population reaching the enormous figure of 22,000,000 people of whom only 13,000 are Catholics. There are at present in this territory thirty European and two native priests.

The eyes of the Catholic world are turned today to the Far East and not only from Europe but also from America, missionaries are leaving in ever in-

creasing numbers. China with its teeming millions is making an especially strong appeal. Hither missionaries are hastening in the hope of garnering a rich harvest of souls to Christ. This work, however, is not new. China has been a field of missionary labor since the sixteenth century and has been watered by the blood of hundreds of martyrs whose hands are raised in supplication begging for the redeeming blood of Jesus Christ to free these hordes of people from the miseries of paganism.

During the last few decades the Protestant sects have centered their efforts in an endeavor to propagate their false doctrines among the Chinese. With immense wealth at their disposal, they have succeeded in spreading to every Province in the Celestial Empire. But in spite of this the Catholic missionaries with meagre financial resources, with little else than a spirit of sacrifice and untiring labor have reaped gratifying fruits. Nearly 2,000,000 pagans have been converted. A thousand native priests, many native sisterhoods, and an army of catechists aid the foreign missionaries in their labors for souls.

St. Paul of the Cross, whose heart burned with zeal for the salvation of the heathen, ardently desired that his sons should give themselves to this blessed work. Like his namesake, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, he had but one desire, "to know Christ and Him Crucified" and to spread this knowledge to the ends of the earth. In his Rule he plainly directs that when the time presents itself the Fathers of his Order, armed with the blessing of the Vicar of Christ, must be ready to leave all, home, friends and country, and go forth to preach Christ Crucified to the heathen. It is worthy of note that five years after the death of St. Paul of the



REV. CELESTINE RODDAN, C.P., SUPERIOR

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REV. AGATHO PURTILL, C.P.



REV. RAPHAEL VANCE, C.P.



REV. TIMOTHY McDERMOTT, C.P.



REV. FLAVIAN MULLINS, C.P.

THE SIGN

Cross, the Passionists were invited to make a foundation in the city of Pekin. At that time, however, this could not be done. Now, nearly a century and a half later, a band of Passionists, will for the first time set out for China, not from the Eternal City, but from America, a country which but a decade ago was classed as a foreign missionary field. True to the ideals of their saintly founder, the Passionists have always preached the Gospel to the most neglected children of the Church. For many years they have labored in the Near East where they have spared no effort to win back the schismatical children of the Orthodox Greek Church and the followers of Mohamed.

One of the first foreign missions undertaken by the Passionist Order was the conversion of the aborigines of Australia. In more recent times, a band of Passionists was led by the noted Father Fidelis Kent-Stone, whose death we are still lamenting, into the South American countries of Argentina, Chile and Brazil. The Passionist Fathers of Spain have been laboring for a long time past in the wilds of Peru.

When we glance over the history of Catholic missionary activity in China, and come to realize that in spite of the long years of labor there are relatively so few Catholics within its borders we cannot but appreciate the difficulties that confront

the missionary in this limitless field. The work of the missionary has indeed been carried on steadily against almost insurmountable odds. Speaking of the Province of Hunan alone, 13,000 Catholics out of 11,000,000 inhabitants! This speaks volumes for the buoyant heroism and apostolic zeal of the Spanish Augustinians who have gone before. This plainly tells the story of the hardships which are facing the band of Passionists who are about to lend a helping hand to their Augustinian brethren. Much, indeed, has to be done before this land of paganism becomes a spiritual child of the church. The missionary has merely touched the fringe of the multitude. Our Lord's words, the "harvest is great but the laborers are few," have through these many years applied to China as to no other country in the world. Whether or no China shall become a child of the Church or a fruitful field of Protestantism will depend in the main on the spirit shown by American Catholics toward this great work, the preaching of the Gospel in China. Let us pray, let us labor for this noble cause.

The five Passionist Fathers who have been chosen for the band are Rev. Fathers Celestine Roddan of Randolph, Mass.; Agatho Purtil of West Hoboken, N. J.; Flavian Mullins of Athens, Pa.; Raphael Vance of Philadelphia, Pa.; and Timothy McDermott of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Prisoners of Hope

THOMAS MC GUIRE

THE Church is often called Mother, and rightly so. The children whom God has given her she takes to her heart and cherishes with a mother's love. She guides their every step on through life to keep them to the narrow path which leads to life eternal. When death approaches she stands by to assist them in that moment of need. But she does not part with them there, knowing that "there shall not enter into heaven any thing defiled," she follows with her prayers the souls of her children into the prison of Purgatory. Daily she pleads with God for mercy and offers intercession for her suffering children's sins the merit of her grace. During November, particularly, is her

plaintive prayer incessant. Then she invites in an especial manner her other children still in the flesh to join her, that by united prayer, God may be moved to set free from their prison of woe the souls of the dear departed and to admit them to the joys of Paradise, there to praise Him, to thank Him, and to love Him forevermore.

Hence, at this time, all the faithful, hearkening to the invitation of their Mother, devote more thought and time to their deceased brethren. A constant crying appeal for mercy mounts to heaven from near every Catholic heart. The morning sunbeams, dissipating night's darkness make visible in every place the priest standing at the altar, and

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gathered about him, with heads bowed in prayer, large numbers of faithful. And in the evening shadows, when the turmoil of the day has died away, many more kneel around their Sacramental King, thumbing their beads; or quietly move from station to station piously following in the blood-stained foot-steps of the Savior in the Way of the Cross. The fervor of the whole Catholic world is aroused; it is sustained by a common thought, the liberation of the poor souls in Purgatory.

It is the greatest charity to assist the poor souls. Of themselves they can do nothing to alleviate their sorrows, but are in all things dependant on the charity of others. Intense is the pain they suffer from the purifying flame, but their agonizing longing to look upon the face of God causes them a pain far greater. God is deaf to their plea for pity; in life, His mercy was at their beck and call; but now, mercy has given way to justice. They turn in supplication to their brethren here on earth, whose prayers and good works they know can comfort them and shorten their detention. From the depth of their misery they cry out, "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me." To answer the appeal of these afflicted ones—is there any charity like to this?

T is a duty incumbent upon everyone to succor the poor souls, but especially to help those souls to whom one is bound by ties of blood and friendship. The departed have a claim on such as loved them in life. Time may have filled the void that their passing made in the home; time may have healed the wounds that grief dug in the heart; but time cannot obliterate the obligation of remembering the departed ones who still suffer on. If the voices of the dead could penetrate the portals of death many stinging rebukes would tingle the ears of the forgetful living. They who forget have never pondered on the meaning of that plaintive pleading, "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me." They who so forget can never have brought home to themselves the import in the poet's words:

"For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them
friends?"

Long ago the celebrated Athenian, Cimon, had

to bear the sorrow of seeing his insolvent father imprisoned by hard, exacting creditors. To add to the son's grief his father died in prison before release could be secured. The distraught young man rushed to the prison and begged his father's body, that, at least, he might give it decent burial. When the creditors refused, he cried out in a frenzy, "Let me first bury my father and I will return and take his place in prison." This exhibition of filial piety is worthy of all admiration, but it also deserves imitation. Fathers and mothers are now languishing in a prison with which no earthly prison can be compared for pain, misery and sorrow. Brothers and sisters, too, are there and many others who loved and were loved in life. There shall they be until their debt is paid, even to the last farthing. Relatives and friends on earth, if they will, can cancel these debts and set their loved ones free. More fortunate than the Athenian youth they need not enter the prison house, they need not serve another's term, they have but to pray. "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins," says the Holy Spirit.

What more beautiful example of this Christian duty than the pathetic prayer of the Angel of the Agony as conceived by Cardinal Newman:

"Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee; Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee; Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee; Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee; Jesu! by the sense of guilt which stifled Thee; Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee; Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee; Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with Thee; Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee. Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee; Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee. To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze on Thee."

Sweet supplications like to these, addressed to the tender Heart of the Crucified, and hallowed by reminiscences of His bitter sufferings for souls, shall not fail to draw down gentle and plentiful showers of graces to refresh His languishing ones in their night of pain.

To pray for the dead is an act of great charity. To pray for the dead is a duty. To pray for the dead is to sever one's bands by anticipation, for whatever the living do for the dead, the Saints assure us, shall be remunerated a hundredfold.

Wheron They Crucified Him

HUBERT CUNNINGHAM, C. P.

DEOTION to the passion of Christ is the most ancient, it is the first of all catholic devotions and showed itself very commonly by reverence for the holy cross even before the year 300. We can follow this beautiful spirit back through the mists and the mazes of all the intervening centuries with a clearness that is unmistakable and by evidences made up of authentic statements and historical facts. These testimonies show us that the piety of our ancestors to that solemn sign was one of the best known traits of their religion.

They held up that standard at all times. For example, Minutius Felix, a practising Roman lawyer, born of a pagan family about the year 250, became in later life a convert to christianity. In a work entitled "Octavius" he publicly defended the faith and its followers against the cruel attacks and false ideas of his former fellows at the bar. The Romans of that period were very much like our own Americans of to-day; they were proud of their national prestige and prerogatives, their liberty and independence, and so they recoiled from anything that savored of slavery or subjection; and because crucifixion was the punishment of the slave they despised the cross and everything associated with it; they knew that the christians deeply venerated that dreaded instrument and that was enough; the Romans despised them and their symbol. The converted lawyer had learned much of both and he loved his new-found friends and saw that their cross was so prominent and prevalent that he boldly declared, "you proud Romans had better beware lest perchance you be actually honoring what you really despise—lest you are adoring in your idols the wood which we christians have already used for making crosses."

That looks very much as though in the middle of the third century the followers of Jesus were trying to out-Titus Titus. The historian Josephus tells us that in the seige of Jerusalem that general crucified Jews till there was no longer to be found wood for the making of crosses; our forefathers in the days of Minutius Felix were using up all the wood in Rome to make crosses of love!

Earlier than this the fervent attachment of

christians to that mysterious wood can be read in the works of Tertullian, born in 160 A. D. He was a deep scholar, an elegant writer and a daring public defender and advocate of Christ and all that was His, like Bishop England in the days of our forefathers in the United States and Cardinal Gibbons in our own time. Tertullian can very aptly be called the Defender of the Cross; that sacred subject comes up in his writings in such a variety of phases as to convince the reader that it is the dominant thought of that wonderful man's mind, yet his works date a hundred years earlier than the lifetime of Minutius Felix. It is not unreasonable to conclude that Tertullian's grandfather was living in the days of the Apostle St. John, and thus we steadily creep back further and further finding as we go that our favorite devotion is strongly evident along the way. This great mind tells us that in his day to the eyes of the devout catholic, "every upright stick stands for a portion of the cross." This brings us face to face with the truth that devotion to the sacred wood was fervent and universal in the middle of the second century, that is, within one hundred years after the death of Our Savior.

BUT we can go back sixty years earlier than Tertullian and still meet even more and equally inspiring evidences of the same truth in him who was the earliest of the great men called apologists, men who stood before the world and propounded and defended with the powers of their voice and pen the teachings and the practices of the Church of Christ, I mean the great philosopher, saint and martyr, Justin. This remarkable man was born in Greece where he studied and where he became a master of the philosophy of Plato. He was born a pagan, but in the course of his young manhood and first successes he received the light of faith and went to live in Rome where he wrote and addressed to the Emperer Augustus his "Apology for the Christians" or what we would today call a Defense of the Church of Christ. After the death of this Emperor, Justin returned to his same labors and sent a new apology to the succeeding ruler. These are but some of the daring acts and learned writings of that great and versatile man. We are not exactly

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concerned with these more than to say that they ultimately led him to martyrdom. But so exalted were this man's sentiments toward the sign of our religion that he says, "the cross is the greatest sign of the power and majesty of Christ." He follows up this statement by elaborate expositions and turning upon his opponents, hurls at them the absurdity of condemning in others what is in constant evidence and necessary use by all—a cross in one form or other, on land and sea, in life and death; but he drives the argument in upon them with convincing vigor when he says:—"You are carrying that hated figure in honor and even triumph but you are too dull of sense to see it. And where? There at the head of your public processions. The poles and bars from which your banners wave and trophies hang—what are these but crosses?" The sacred figure of Christ, indeed, runs all through Justin's writings. In his extant writings Justin brings up the holy cross thirty six different times. In one work alone, his "Dialogue with Trypho," he deals with that venerable topic in seven consecutive chapters.

Food of this kind fed to the soul of the Catholic of today is strengthening and inspiring. It is all so real, so solid, so satisfying. It is so plain and so plentiful, and withal' so pleasing to our catholic palate, that we are compelled to pause in the midst of the growing thoughts and marvel that a practice so homely with us today is really so ancient. The vision which it produces of the unchanging features of our Holy Mother the Church and the undimmed brightness of every line of her figure and every fold of her raiment makes the lips smile and the heart peaceful. How true that she never changes! Ever ancient, she is ever new in all her life and activity. This shines forth in her devotion to the Passion even in the detail of her delicate reverence for the deathbed of her spouse. We can see this as far back as the beginning of the second century.

Facts, not words impress these convictions and sentiments both on mind and heart. The worth of the quotations which we have hitherto given lies mainly in the conditions which they reveal and which their citation was intended to display. We want to know not what the early christians say, so much as what the early christians do: not what a few of them say but what all of them do. Christian faith is a vital fact; it is the most practical, fruitful thing in all this world and so if devotion is true it is a matter-of-fact affair in its results and the devotion of His disciples to the sufferings of the Nazarene in those days was a living, vigorous thing; so vigorous that we can see it even yet in their edifying lives.



CRYPT OF ST. CECILIA, CATACOMB OF CALLISTUS
Note the simple cross depicted on the bare rock near the ceiling at the left.

and persecuted that sign till they literally drove cross and christian off the face of the earth and compelled them to bore out a dwelling place under the soil. There in gloom and fear these hated people and loving hearts paraded their standard until Constantine stamped it on his oriflamme and made cross and christian free.

I STOOD one time before a grave, a tiny, age-worn grave, and on the marble slab I read the words "Rufina, Rest in Peace." Above these simple words I noticed a plain cross carved. The composite told me the story of holy sorrow, holy love and holy confidence in the merits of the passion of Christ. It was the usual story which the writer and the reader have seen traced a thousand times in the cemeteries all the country over. However, I was not in one of our American cemeteries;

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I was in the Roman catacombs looking on one of the most convincing proofs of early Catholic devotion to the cross. It has ever been "Unica Spes Nostra." —Our Only Hope.

Anterior to the Christian Catacombs Calvary's consecrated wood was revered and its copyings were used by the devout so openly, so defiantly, so universally that it became their characteristic mark and this so much so that it was known to every man and woman as the christians' badge; it marked them off from their non-christian associates as clearly as it today forms the distinguishing mark between our own and the non-catholic churches around us. The brat on the street was taught even then, as he was taught in our own country and in our own youth, to sneer at his christian neighbor boys as so many crossmarked donkeys. This is a bitter and an time-worn insult which millions of us have been compelled to suffer, but here it is another example of how God (and He alone can) is able to draw good out of evil: here and now it becomes invaluable evidence in point for we can trace its origin back to Tacitus. This man was one of the greatest orators of his time and is celebrated as an historian. He was born in 55 A. D. or only twenty two years after the tragedy of Calvary and so our studies show us that devotion to the holy cross and passion of Jesus was common, public, well known by friend and foe, by the old and the young even before the year 100 A. D. What we do to-day when we kiss the cross our ancestors were doing within fifty years after Calvary saw the work of our redemption.

Success is the very best stimulant to labor and that is why the discovery of these accumulating evidences urges us to go on further in the hope of finding even more. The hope is well founded and the efforts are well rewarded. In recent times there has been unearthed the most ancient christian monument in the world and (how gratifying to be able to say it!) that is nothing other than a cross. Yes, it is true and there it stands in bold relief against a stucco background on the walls of a christian home—on Pansa's house in the ruins of Pompeii!

Think of what this means in the interesting cause for which we are contending. We know that Pompeii and Herculaneum, twin cities of southern sunny Italy, were the favorite and exclusive resorts of the powerful and wealthy families of Rome, like the Newports and the Palm Beaches of our own land; these were the centres of all the social

grandeur and luxury that great wealth and refined sensuality could crave. We also know that in the year 79 A. D., these two cities were suddenly and completely destroyed by the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. Now, it is a fact of church history, or better still, of such pagan historians as Tacitus, Suetonius and Dio Cassius, the later of whom is famous not only for his elegance of style, but for his diligence in the search for truth and the accuracy of his data, that even during the lifetime of the Holy Apostles men and women, even whole families of the Roman upper classes and of the highest nobility became christians. The home of Pansa is a strong confirmation of such statements. Only forty-six years have passed since the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ in Jerusalem, less than ten years since the martyrdom of SS Peter and Paul and, better still while the Beloved Disciple, St. John, was still living and in the height of his active work and ministry, not only has the faith reached over these many miles from Jerusalem to the wondrous bay of Naples and into the most exclusive circles of Roman wealth and power, but step by step with it has come devotion to the gibbet of Calvary. Therefore this family of Pansa, with a simplicity which rivals as it antedates the ages of faith, and with a boldness that is a keen rebuke to the prevailing shyness and cowardice of our own day, though they know they will thereby make themselves a term of contempt to thousands of their old friends and neighbors, rise superior to the coldness and disdain that is turned upon them from the wealthy pagans about and they mould the sign of Christ on the walls of their home. Why? Because they are christians and christians glory in the cross. They want to do as the christians do, as all christians do around them, and in the year 70 A. D., every christian is a cross-bearer.

HERE is the church only forty years after coming forth from the riven side of her Divine Founder radiating a spirit of love and reverence for the hard bed on which she was born. What is the explanation? How came these first christians thus spontaneously to love that instrument of death which all the world besides hated and shrank from? It is because they were taught to love the cross by the Apostles themselves. The newly converted christians along the shores of the Mediterranean had heard St. Paul proclaiming in words of fire the wisdom and the power and the

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glory of the cross—"I am a christian and God forbid that I should glory save in the shame of my Master and that shame is expressed in the double-dyed degradaton of His cross, through which the world and all the wealth and all the honor and all the pleasure of the world is dead to me. I am dead to the world and with Christ I am nailed to the cross; I carry all the marks of that cross and death with me constantly not on walls of brick or cut in stone but in my very body are they dug." The inspiring story of the Master and His wonders and His love and His cruel and unjust death had been

held before his hearers by every preacher; some of the early christians had been eye-witnesses of the martyrdom of the Apostles every one of whom had not only preached the cross but died for love of the passion and death of the Master. It was from these that the first christians learned—from their words, from their conduct, from their sufferings, from their love, from their death—that the cross of Christ is the greatest thing in all the world. Devotion to the cross was first taught and first practiced by the apostles and they learn the lesson from Mount Calvary.

A Vision of the Day

MORE than three quarters of a century has elapsed since the great impartial Englishman, Cardinal Newman, saw Ireland moving slowly but surely toward her emancipation. Thus did he contemplate Erin freed from her thralldom and restored at last to her rightful heritage among the nations: "I look toward a land both old and young—old in its Christianity, young in its promise of the future. A Church which comprehends in its history the rise of Canterbury and York, which

Augustine and Paulinus and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes toward a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the Ireland I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between the two hemispheres and the center of the world; I see the inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor and Spain in enthusiasm."

A Loyal Soldier of Christ

APASSIONIST Father, who served as chaplain in the Italian Army during the world war, tells us that he was an eye witness of the following edifying incident:

"While stationed with a regiment from Fanteria on the Carso," he writes, "I made the acquaintance of Major Francis Rizzo. A close friendship grew up between us. I was delighted to learn that from childhood he had always loved the Sacred Passion, and never went anywhere without having about his person a small crucifix.

"On the 29th of June 1916, our regiment received orders to move up to the front line. We were soon afterwards in the thick of the fighting, and the Major was one of the first to fall mortally wounded. We carried him to the field hospital, his mouth bleeding profusely. He held his little crucifix tightly in his hands, and again and again put it to

his mouth as a solace in his agony. Unable to speak, and death swiftly coming on, he made a sign to write and with trembling hand scrawled these few words:

"I dearly love my whole faith and my whole country. I bless God for this death, to die for my fair and great Italy. Conquer; conquer; courage; courage; trust, constancy in God's help. Farewell. Farewell. Blessed be God. I love you all. Farewell, my family, my fellow citizens of Salentino, my noble land of Puglia. Again may God be forever blessed. Francis Rizzo, major, 14 Fanteria.

"The pencil dropped from his fingers. Again and again he pressed his crucifix to his bleeding mouth. As the bystanders with indescribable emotion watched him, the brave soldier of Christ Crucified departed from the field of battle to enjoy in heaven the fruits of eternal victory."

The White Rose of Lucca

The Story of Gemma Galgani

MATTHEW KUEBEL

4—The Marks of the Lord Jesus

THE Spring of the year 1899 saw the end of Gemma's long and painful illness and ushered in a new period of her life,—a period crowded with those external supernatural manifestations which have made her unique in the annals of Christian holiness, and have made her name familiar throughout the Christian world. Through affliction she would be transformed into a paragon of love, and her pure soul adorned with virtues as with so many precious jewels. By constant communion with God she now lived more in heaven than on earth.

Lovingly Gemma's heart now turned to the fulfilment of the vow, made on her sick-bed, of entering the religious life. With intense ardor her soul was straining, as it were, on the wings of desire to enter religion, which, in her eyes was a mystic city and a holy commonwealth resplendent with the light of the Lord's majesty. She asked to be received at the Convent of the Visitation. The nuns were willing and even glad to admit her, so her confessor undertook to arrange the preliminaries necessary for her reception. But obstacles arose and the misgivings of the ecclesiastical authorities as to Gemma's ability to fulfill certain canonical conditions were not dispelled, so that they remained unmoved in their refusal to allow the nuns to receive her.

Therefore, Gemma's future path was shrouded in mystery. She was greatly perplexed at her unsuccessful efforts to do what our Lord had apparently so clearly commanded her to undertake: "Renew all thy promises to Jesus, and add that in the month consecrated to Him (June), thou also wilt go to consecrate thyself to Him." Was this not a clear call to the religious life? The darkness of uncertainty in which she was walking did not permit her to see the distant scene—a circumstance that was really a tender mercy. Resolute as she was in God's service, how could the gentle girl but be terrified had she been permitted to see in advance and in all the vivid truth of detail whither her feet were directed—the mount of immolation and the altar of sacrifice!

Even now the time was at hand which God had chosen for the immolation of this victim without blemish.

God took care to prepare the sweet girl gradually for the sacrifices that He was about to demand of her. Evidently it was God's will that in the fulfillment of His purpose to make her a reflection of the Crucified, she should have the merit of a sacrifice wholly voluntary. By means of the most powerful and sweetest attractions of grace it came to pass that God's designs over Gemma were the only object of all her desires. The heart-rending visions of the Crucified with which she was favored and by which the wounds of Jesus were impressed indelibly on her soul, gave to her holy desires new impulse. Henceforth she prayed with tearful earnestness for the grace of participation in the Savior's pains.

AT the same time a heavenly voice was continually urging her to go on courageously to higher and better things. "Rise, take courage," said the voice, "abandon thyself without reserve to Jesus; love Him with all thy being." These words added zest to her holy desires: "O my Jesus, how greatly I wish to love Thee! but I don't know how." And the answer came: "Dost thou wish to love Jesus always? Never cease even for a moment to suffer for Him. The cross is the throne of the true lover; the cross is the patrimony of the elect in this life." And at last when all was ready, this word came to her from Heaven: "Gemma, courage! I await thee on Calvary, on that mount whither thy feet are directed." Thus the immaculate whiteness of a soul elevated to the highest peaks of perfection and glorified by the golden light of heaven, was soon to be overcast (or rather say, embellished), with the crimson hue and solemn shade of Calvary.

The eighth of June, 1899, was the day on which God chose to glorify before the Christian world the humble virgin of Lucca. That morning after communion our Lord gave her to understand that today He would grant her a great grace. It was

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Thursday, the vigil of the feast of the Sacred Heart. In the evening, while Gemma was engaged in her usual devotions in honor of the Sacred Passion, she was suddenly wrapped out of her senses, and found herself in the presence of the Blessed Virgin and her Guardian Angel. They were there no doubt to support her in the painful ordeal which she was about to undergo. Then the Virgin Mary opened her mantel and covered her with it. "At that moment," she tells us, Jesus appeared with all his wounds open; but from these wounds there no longer came forth blood but flames of fire. In an instant those flames came to touch my hands, my feet, and my heart. I felt as if I were dying, and should have fallen to the ground had not my Mother held me up, while all the time I remained beneath her mantle. I had to remain several hours in that position. Finally, she kissed my forehead, all vanished, and I found myself kneeling; but I still felt great pains in my hands, and feet, and heart. I rose to go to bed, and became aware that blood was flowing from those parts where I felt pain. I covered them as well as I could, and then helped by my angel I was able to get into bed. In the morning I felt it difficult to go to Holy Communion, and I put on a pair of gloves to hide my hands. I could not remain standing and felt every moment that I should die. Those pains did not leave me until three o'clock on Friday—feast of the Sacred Heart."

It is impossible within the narrow limits of this sketch to narrate all the details of Gemma's mystic martyrdom. But a brief summary of its more

general features must not be omitted. These mysterious sufferings always began on Thursday evening and always ceased on Friday afternoon. They occurred regularly every week for two years, when they ceased altogether in virtue of a formal command imposed on Gemma by her confessor—a command that God deigned to honor.

WITH Gemma the stigmata, as these wounds are called, opened in various ways: some

times they came gradually from within; at others they appeared instantaneously, as if the ecstatic's hands were suddenly transpierced with some sharp instrument,—the manner of the appearance of the wounds always depending on the strength of the inner fire of Divine Love. When the wounds appeared a copious flow of blood, of course, always followed; but the bleeding was not continual as long as the wounds remained. It came and went at irregular intervals,

waxing and waning with the impulses of Divine Love in her soul.

But the five wounds were not the only 'marks of the Lord Jesus' that Gemma was destined to bear on her virginal body. Chosen by God to be the spouse of His Crucified Son, Gemma was enriched and adorned with all those wounds that rendered Him in His human nature so infinitely dear to the Father.

With spontaneous generosity and whole-hearted courage Gemma co-operated with God's designs. When she was favored with a vision of Jesus mutilated and bleeding as if fresh from the scourge,

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Gemma would count those wounds with loving sorrow, begging Him meanwhile to allow her to share His wounds. When an angel displaying two crowns—one of lillies and the other of thorns—invited her to take her choice, she grasped the thorny one with amorous impetuosity, kissed it and pressed it to her heart, exclaiming, "Give me that of Jesus." So it was with her other visions of the Passion—the intensity of her compassionate grief could be assuaged only by participation in all the sufferings of Christ.

Therefore, when as if agonizing with Him in the garden, the crimson perspiration ran down her face and bedewed her whole body; when her hair was matted with blood from innumerable apertures in her scalp, as if it had been pricked in so many places by sharp thorns; when her body was furrowed by deep and bleeding gashes, like the brutal lacerations of the scourge; when her soul was inundated with the bitter waters of dereliction such as engulfed the Redeemer, and the palor of her countenance, the drawn mouth, the sunken eyes and cheeks, the laboring breath told of the martyrdom that she endured,—all was but the answer to her own ardent prayer; all was but so much ineffable consolation to her heroic soul from the infinite bounty of God.

FOR a long time Gemma kept her miraculous wounds a secret, for she had a keen repugnance to speak of herself, even to her confessor. Only her aunt learned of the stigmata at the time that Gemma received them; for the morning after the wounds appeared for the first time, feeling the need of telling someone, Gemma with outstretched arms approached her aunt and said with touching simplicity: "Look, aunt, see what Jesus has done for me." Shocked at first to see her niece's hands bleeding and pierced with large wounds, the aunt later came to understand the mystery.

Not until the end of July did Gemma tell her secret to the priest; and it is an interesting co-incidence that the first confessor to hear from Gemma's own lips the story of her miraculous wounds was a Passionist. When towards the end of June a Passionist mission was opened at the Cathedral in Lucca, Gemma decided to make the holy mission. She was profoundly moved, she tells us, when she saw that the habit of the missionaries was exactly like the garb that St. Gabriel wore in the visions of him with which she had recently been favored, and

immediately she felt a predelection for the missionaries.

On the last day of the mission at the general communion, our Lord spoke to Gemma, asking her with reference to the missionary whether she liked the habit of the Passionists, and whether she would like to be clothed in it. These words filled her with such emotion that she was unable to answer. Then Jesus added: "Thou shalt be a child of my Passion, and a beloved child. One of these shall be thy Father; go and explain everything."

Gemma was overjoyed at these words, for, as she thought, they explicitly promised that she would one day be a Passionist nun, and that thus her longing to become a religious would eventually be gratified. Immediately, as if her soul had been delivered from the shackles of some malignant charm, all her aversion to tell her holy secret passed away.

One Father Cajetan was the missionary to whom Gemma went and revealed all the wonderful things that God had wrought in her. The priest was very deeply impressed by her sublime narrative; but much more so, by the candor, the simplicity, the humility, of which Gemma's every word was redolent in the telling. He gave her prudent counsel and ended by urging her to reveal everything to her confessor without delay.

LATER on when the missionary returned to Lucca, he had the consolation of verifying Gemma's story by witnessing with his own eyes her miraculous wounds. He made a formal statement to Monsignor Volpi, Gemma's confessor, both of what he had seen as well as of his conviction that its origin was divine. Soon after to Father Cajetan's attestation was added that of the Provincial of the Passionists, Father Peter Mareschini, afterwards Archbishop of Camerino, who came to Lucca on the 20th of August, 1899, and also had the privilege of seeing Gemma's miraculous wounds.

The sublime favors that we have enumerated were bestowed upon Gemma while living at No. 3 via del Briscione, and no doubt this house will be a place of pilgrimage to future generations of Christians. But another dwelling is destined to share this celebrity. In September, 1899, Gemma was adopted into the large and well-to-do family of Signor Giannini, at the request of his sister, Cecilia Giannini, who had learned to love and revere the angelic girl.

(To be continued)

Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion



Rules of the Society

THE Rules of the Archconfraternity of the Passion set forth the purpose of the society and the way to accomplish it. From them the members learn to treasure in their hearts the beautiful virtues of the Cross and to persuade others whenever possible to remember devoutly the sufferings and sorrows of Christ Crucified.

Many reasons could be mentioned for the necessity or value of rules. As a train speeds along to its destination surely and safely by means of the iron rails, so every society asks the members to follow some rules in order to attain the object for which it was founded. Moreover, besides being a principal means to the end, the rules also foster a unity of thought and action among the members, which gives strength to the whole society. Is it not a pleasing sight to watch soldiers drilling and marching? Something of the same pleasure may be experienced on witnessing a number of persons acting together as directed by the rules of a society. Finally, the rules not only form a unifying bond, but they are likewise a source of inspiration and encouragement, enlightening and guiding the members, and often rewarding them, in a measure, for their loyalty and service to one another and to the society.

The few rules of our Archconfraternity are directive rather than preceptive. They are not commands. They do not oblige members in the sense that if neglected or omitted, a penalty is incurred or advantages of membership are forfeited. But they show what is to be understood by the Archconfraternity of the Passion and suggest those public and private exercises expressive of compassion for the Divine Redeemer in His grief and pain, and sincere gratitude for the plentiful fruits of redemption.

St. Paul of the Cross had but one rule for the faithful. He would entreat them to spend fifteen minutes every day before a Crucifix. In glowing language the Saint would picture the infinite love and generous sacrifice of Jesus Crucified, the reparation He made for sin, and His exemplification of every virtue. He would then point out the ingratia-

tude in giving over much time to work, pleasure and sleep, and of never recalling to mind what Christ suffered for men's souls. To offset this indifference the Saint used to instruct the people to gaze upon a Crucifix for a quarter of an hour every day as an expression of gratitude, and to obtain for themselves and their families the immense blessings of the Passion of Our Lord.

"Think of the Passion of Our Redeemer," says St. Paul of the Cross, "for a quarter of an hour every day, and you will see that all will go well with you, and that you will live far removed from sin. I have converted by this means the most hardened sinners and so sincere was their repentance that when I afterwards heard their confessions, I could no longer find matter sufficient for absolution. So remarkable a change came about because they were faithful to the rule I had given them, to think of the sufferings of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

As some found it difficult to be faithful to this rule, the Saint proposed to them to recite pious every day five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys in honor of the Passion of Our Lord, and that would become better known to men.

AT the present day, there are only two rules which, in every part of the world, are common to the Archconfraternity of the Passion. These are the first two rules given in the manual and read as follows: "The object of the Archconfraternity is to promote a grateful remembrance of and tender devotion to the Passion and Death of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Sorrows of His Holy Mother. The members keep this object in view, and pray daily that they may know better and may make known Jesus Crucified." The second general rule refers to the Black Scapular of the Passion. "The members are formally invested with the Black Scapular of the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. They wear this Scapular constantly." (The Scapular Medal, blessed by one authorized to do so, may be substituted for the Scapular itself.)

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Besides the above general rules, the Archconfraternity in different countries has adopted particular practices, which assist the members in many ways to cultivate true devotion to Our Lord's Passion and to enlist the services of other apostles to give greater honor to Jesus Crucified and insure the salvation and holiness of many souls. The particular rules followed in English speaking countries bring out these exercises of piety, which are already familiar to all Catholics. For example, the members are asked to be present at the *Holy Sacrifice of the Mass*, the "Memorial of the Passion" as often as they can. Once a month, the members should receive *Holy Communion*, wearing the badge of the Passion. They are urged to practice some devotion every day in memory of the Passion, such as the devout veneration of the Crucifix, following the *Stations of the Cross*, or the recitation of the *Litanies of the Passion*. The members are exhorted to devote the Friday of every week in a special manner to the memory of Christ's Passion and Death. Attendance at the meeting every month is an important rule, for then interest in the society is renewed and greater enthusiasm is inspired in promoting devotion to Jesus Crucified. The order of exercises at the meetings, the distribution of devotional leaflets or books or pictures, different works of zeal, and similar matters are usually left to the Director of the Archconfraternity to regulate, and are not considered rules of the society.

Speaking of the apostleship of the Cross and Passion of Our Lord, St. Paul of the Cross after giving directions for missions and retreats, says, something very pertinent to members of the Archconfraternity: "Circumstances will open numerous other ways of promoting so great a work, and accomplishing their pious desire and purpose, to the great advancement of their own souls, and of those of others. For the love of God is very ingenious, and is proved not so much by the words, as by the deeds and examples of the lovers." These words of the Saint express the idea of the Archconfraternity. The members are not called upon to follow strict rules, but rather to learn the love of Christ Crucified and then do all in their power to make known the Sacred Passion to others.

Those who faithfully and generously make the rules of the Archconfraternity their own can be certain they are doing much to honor the Passion of Our Lord and secure for themselves and others innumerable blessings in this life and for eternity.

HAVING treated of the rules, which serve as a guide to the members, it will be interesting to mention here those laws which support and protect the whole society. The new code of the Church's laws contains a chapter devoted exclusively to archconfraternities, or sodalities of primary rank. The society is placed under the supervision of the Holy See. A chief society, or centre of activity, is required. The Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Benedict XV., appointed the celebrated shrine of the Holy Stairs, familiarly called the Scala Santa, in Rome, to be the centre of the Archconfraternity of the Passion. The Supreme Director is the Superior General of the Congregation of the Passion, who resides in Rome. Through him the Holy See issues those documents, which are necessary to establish the society in different parts of the world. To establish the Archconfraternity in any church, or institution, the first requisite is to obtain permission from the Bishop of the place. This permission is then forwarded to the Superior General of the Passionists, and he publishes the diploma of affiliation to the Archconfraternity at the Scala Santa. He grants all the privileges, which have been conferred on the society of law, and makes known the indulgences that may be gained by members.

The Supreme Moderator then is the only one, who can make rules effecting the Archconfraternity and all its branches. For each local branch there is appointed a Director, who determines special laws for the members in his vicinity. To him it falls to assign the day for meeting, to keep a register of the names of sodalists. It is his duty to keep the Sacred Passion of Our Lord before the members, by instructions, sermons, and by means of leaflets, magazines, and books. When receiving new members, he invests them in the Black Scapular of the Passion. From time to time, he reminds the members of the privileges they enjoy and the rich indulgences it is in their power to gain. The success of the Archconfraternity depends in great measure on the Director, and its membership will be more and more numerous and more zealous as he directs them in honoring and preaching Christ Crucified.

The Archconfraternity of the Passion, approved, blessed, protected by the Church, unites in one great sodality all the apostles of the Cross and Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, it assembles all nations on the "Hill of Calvary," it makes known in every tongue the wonderful mysteries of Jesus Crucified.

What Do You Know About:

Indulgences?

HE ordinary Catholic takes little interest in the doctrine of indulgences, but for four hundred years his Protestant neighbor has found this doctrine a very interesting and fertile field for activity, and all over the world has made the subject very interesting for priests and bishops,—very interesting indeed,—and very annoying.

Because an indulgence is a detail of the religious life of our people, the ordinary Catholic looks on it as merely a minor thing. But if he will try to understand that Protestant misrepresentation of it has in the past ruined thousands of our own people and kept still more thousands out of the true Church; that this was the very subject that brought about the greatest disaster that has fallen on Christ's Church in a thousand years,—I mean of course the revolt of Luther; if he will recall that this is the breakfast food of the bigot and the half educated minister, who not only travels through our southern and western states but through South America from Panama to Cape Horn, through Canada from Halifax to Vancouver, across the Pacific to the Oriental world, everywhere using the topic of indulgences to poison the minds of millions against the Church, he will cease to regard indulgences as a trivial matter and will come to look upon them as a very important and interesting subject.

1. Is an indulgence the pardon of sin for a price?
2. Does the priest sell indulgences to the people like a hunting licence—for a fixed price?
3. Does the law of the Church tell the buyer of indulgences how many and what kind of sins he may commit, as the state law tells the hunter how many heads of game he may bag for the season?
4. Does the priest get his support from the taxes on indulgences?
5. Is this disgraceful traffic now plied in the secrecy of the Catholic confessional?

These are only a few of the ignorant crudities with which the minds of our unsuspecting non-Catholic neighbors are filled by their fellows, whose ignorance is as deep, if not as pitiful, as their own.

The menace of this widespread falsehood is evident and it can be fought down only by a knowledge of the truth.

To all the previous questions and to all of their ilk, there is but one answer: No. An indulgence is not in any sense the pardon of sin. It is not a licence to commit sin of any kind or degree. It is not subject to tax. The priest must look for his support elsewhere. The very nature of indulgences demands that these be granted, published, and imparted in the open, and always apart from the Sacrament of Penance. And finally, they do not pretend directly or accurately to determine the length of time that a soul is to be imprisoned in the purifying pains of Purgatory.

All this is made plain by the simple definition of an indulgence, which is a remission before God of temporal punishment due to sins, the guilt of which sins is already forgiven or wiped away, either by sacramental absolution or by an act of perfect contrition. This favor can be dispensed only by proper authority, with well defined conditions. These two sentences comprise the whole teaching of the Church on indulgences. They should be read and re-read. They show:

1st. That an indulgence is not concerned with sin, either past, present or future, with the guilt nor with the stain which sin leaves on the soul; but merely with one of the results of sin—the burden of temporal punishment owing as satisfaction to divine justice for sin.

2d. Absolution in taking from the penitent the guilt and stain of sin discharges the debt of eternal punishment, but leaves the debt of temporal punishment still unpaid.

3d. Indulgences pay this undischarged debt in part or in whole; and so we have a partial or a plenary indulgence; the partial remits a part, the plenary remits the whole obligation of temporal punishment.

No Catholic may doubt that the Church has the right to grant indulgences. Christ gave His Church unlimited power over sin and sin's consequences. His words are: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth; and as the living Father hath sent me,

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I also send you. Receive ye the Holy Ghost and so forth: whosoever sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whosoever sins you shall retain they are retained." This commission knows no limitation; it is universal and absolute. If the Church has the greater power to actually forgive a man's offences and to declare him innocent, she must have the lesser power to forgive a mere result of sin. The whole includes the part. Thus has the Church ever interpreted the words of Christ. The Council of Trent irrevocably settled the matter by condemning anyone, who should dare to teach the opposite.

The authority to grant indulgences rests with those alone, who are the heirs of the apostolic office; and so, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, and the Pope can grant indulgences. All other inferior clergy can do so only in so far as they may be authorized.

When the Church grants a partial indulgence, for example, of one hundred days or seven years, does that mean that should we gain this indulgence our purgatory will be shortened to a corresponding number of days or years? By no means. It does mean that the temporal debt due to our sins has been remitted to that degree to which God would have reduced it were we to have performed one hundred days or seven years of the ancient canonical penances of the Church. In the early Church the law specified the penance for specific sins; the confessor was obliged to impose these specified penances, and the penitent was obliged in conscience to fulfill them. These works were primarily corrective or disciplinary and were severe penitential acts. As to the merit of these canonical penances in the sight of God, it is beyond the power of man to determine; neither can we measure the indulgences of today. But we do know that where man is exacting, God is indulgent, and we can well feel that our indulgences shall prevail with His Mercy vastly beyond the terms expressed—that one day shall be to Him as a thousand years. That is God's way.

Indulgences are granted under very exact conditions,—conditions which affect the one who seeks an indulgence and the work such a one must do to gain it. The petitioner must be a baptized Catholic, in the state of grace, and united with the Church. Hence, heretics, schismatics, apostates, excommunicated persons, or persons in the state of mortal sin,

cannot gain an indulgence. Besides the petitioner must fully accomplish the appointed work, and this in the manner prescribed.

The works prescribed for the gaining of an indulgence must be *personally* performed.

The gainer of an indulgence cannot apply it to any living person.

Indulgences granted by the Pope, unless otherwise specified, are applicable to the poor souls in Purgatory. These embrace those indulgences, with which we are most familiar, as, the indulgences of the Way of the Cross, of the Rosary, of the Portiuncula, of the Archconfraternity of the Passion.

The living gain indulgences by way of absolution,—by the exercise of the juridical authority which the Successor of St. Peter has over all the living members of the Church. The souls of the faithful departed receive the benefit of indulgences by way of suffrage or prayer. The Pope has not direct jurisdiction over the dead; the souls of the departed are in the hands of God alone. The Church begs God to accept, in atonement for the sins of the dead, those works of the living to which the indulgences are attached.

The great indulgences of the Church, or those which are exceptionally rich, are:

1st. The Jubilee, which is a plenary indulgence accompanied with special privileges granted for a specified time. It differs from an ordinary plenary indulgence, in solemnity, in the special powers granted to confessors during the time of Jubilee, and in the very extraordinary graces which accompany it.

2d. The Stations of the Cross. This is the most richly endowed of all the ordinary works of piety, and the performance of this act calls for nothing more than these two conditions: that we pass from station to station; that in doing so, we think on the Passion of Christ. Nothing more is prescribed. It is no wonder then that so easy, so simple, and so very rich a practice is so very popular and is steadily growing in favor among our people.

3d. The indulgence "in articulo mortis" is a plenary indulgence granted at the hour of death. This great privilege is attached to crucifixes blessed by the Passionist Fathers. A person who has a crucifix so blessed near or about him at the moment of death receives the grace of the indulgence "in articulo mortis."

Index to Worthwhile Reading

THE CHRISTIAN MIND. By Dom Anscar Vonier O.S.B., Abbot of Buskfast. St. Louis: B. Herder Co. Price \$1.50.

Abbot Vonier has, on previous occasions contributed two works of great merit which are of much service to the serious reader who wishes to get beyond the catechism and the works of popular instruction to an understanding of some of the depths lying below the pell-mell depths of catholic dogma. In the present book his aim is the same, though in the Christian Mind he is treating of the ascetical side of revealed religion. The same unqualified praise however is not due to this work that the former ones merited. One could not but rejoice at the singular brightness and clarity in Abbot Vonier's former writings. This singular lucidity, which on former occasions enabled the author to bring out profound and subtle truths appears dimmed in this present work. Too often in the Christian Mind is there ponderous writing, heavier than even good broad shoulders are capable of bearing; too often is there a disconcerting avowal that this or that is plain to the reader, when the truth seems to be that closer fidelity to the point of view would have elicited from the reader, not from the author, the grateful assurance that the point was evident.

We are strongly of the opinion that the entire Chapter X should not have found a place in this book. It will unsettle the minds of most readers, if indeed it will not convey a wrong and mischievous impression. Those who are familiar with the question treated in this chapter will, we think, still prefer the old presentation rather than the abbot's novel one; and this, despite the learned author's claim of an exclusive scriptural warrant, a claim not likely to shake the conviction of his opponents that their view is solidly based on the New Testament.

Our purpose is not to deter the public from reading this book. Notwithstanding some defects like to those mentioned, it may fairly be considered a most important contribution, one of a small number, to our ascetic library. There has been a void in English of works treating of the place of the Incarnate Life in the lives of men and this will help to fill this long felt need.

With the exception of a few commendable works in translation, mostly from the French and German, there is a dearth of any spiritual treatises on this fundamental phase of asceticism in our language. "Christ's role," the author says, and if he refers to English, says rightly, the "role as the life of man is an unexplored field of spiritual possibilities." Truly, the God Incarnate is essentially and intrinsically the life of individual souls. His most constant and solemn assertion is that He is Life, man's life.

The whole range of the Pauline Epistles is covered to show forth the christian mind as St. Paul conceived it. For St. Paul, to live, was simply Christ. The Christian Mind has distinct value as a commentary on St. Paul. Indeed, the author tells us that he was inclined to name his book the Christ of St. Paul. What a pity that use was not made for quotation of the recently published Westminister version of St. Paul's epistles. In so doing he would have added light to light. The reader of the Christian Mind will profit much if in looking up the scriptural references the Westminister version already referred to is used.

THE HOUNDS OF BANBA. By Daniel Corkery. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Limited. Price \$1.50.

In this neat book is a collection of stories, the episodes in each being taken from Irish life such as has been lived in Ireland since the Easter Rebellion of 1916 to the present lull. Banba is an ancient name for Erin and here symbolises the soul of that country. Any one reading the Hounds of Banba will agree with the patriot portrayed in the character, Seumas, "Ireland was safe her soul was the same old priceless soul: no wealth could purchase it: no power break it." . . . "After the Rising there was in Ireland, as everyone knows, a sense of spiritual exaltation that laughed all the wisdom of this world to scorn. As Seumas put it to me: the soul of Ireland had been more deeply influenced through the hundred men who had died for her in Dublin than the soul of England through the hundreds of thousands who had died for her in France." . . . "It is intensity only that counts—intensity alone can raise vision. Vision!—The land was swept with it—Our lives were dazzled: we lived nobler." . . . "And since everybody had begun to learn Irish, it seemed that every body had at last come to know all this."

Those who were in a position to know the truth about the Irish Republic could have had no doubt that this prophecy would eventually come true; but we were hardly prepared for the English debacle we are witnessing today. Capitulation, not humanitarianism, accounts for England's executive submitting to the parleys now in progress. It is not now as it was in the days of Elizabeth and Cromwell; truth, today, cannot be trammelled; it is abroad on the air. The day is gone when English junkers can piously pose behind a screen of official, systematic calumny. When the world began to awake to the doings of the Black and Tans it peered to discover the leaders, but in vain; they were wrapped in an impenetrable cloud of mystery. When the world had fully awakened the mists were dissipated and the cry went up "Elizabeth rediviva! Cromwell come to life again!" The truth was out; the masked were unmasked. Murder gangs there were; pure, exalted patriotism there was; but the torch of home-love was burning within the Republican ranks, the black clouds of murder and rapine were hanging heavy over the tents of the Invader.

Each struggle of the Gael has had its bard to throw his faggot and also keep afame the patriotism of his race. Immortal literature was born of the Easter uprising. A new galaxy of writers appeared in Ireland. Among these is Daniel Corkery. He has the varied gifts of poet, dramatist and raconteur. These gifts he possesses to a degree rare even in one of his race. Thus bountifully endowed he took up the task of interpreting for the world the final act in the century-old tragedy of English frightfulness and unconquerable Irish patience. Mr. Corkery has found a place in the elect school of Banba's prophets, though he himself assumes no higher role than simple chronicler. He has the eye of a seer and the power of the romancer; he writes of his beloved with the conscious freedom of a betrothed. Katharine Tynan says: "He has struck a blow for Sinn Fein which might make its fighting men envious."

The rapid growth in our circulation, a growth surpassing the most sanguine expectations, necessitated an expansion in our printing department. This readjustment has been the occasion of the delay in delivery. Such an augury of success will, we know, be a source of satisfaction to our many friends. Through this improvement has entailed some inconvenience to our readers, it will assure for the future a more efficient service.—THE EDITORS.

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